

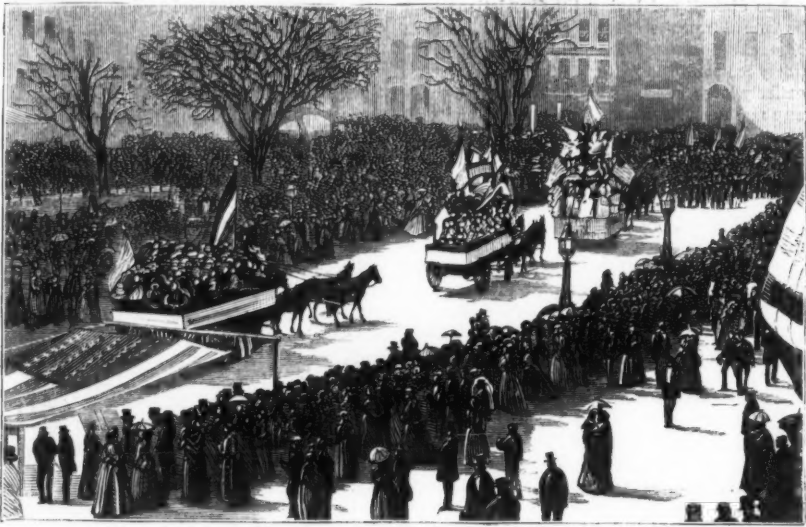
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, APRIL 29, 1871.

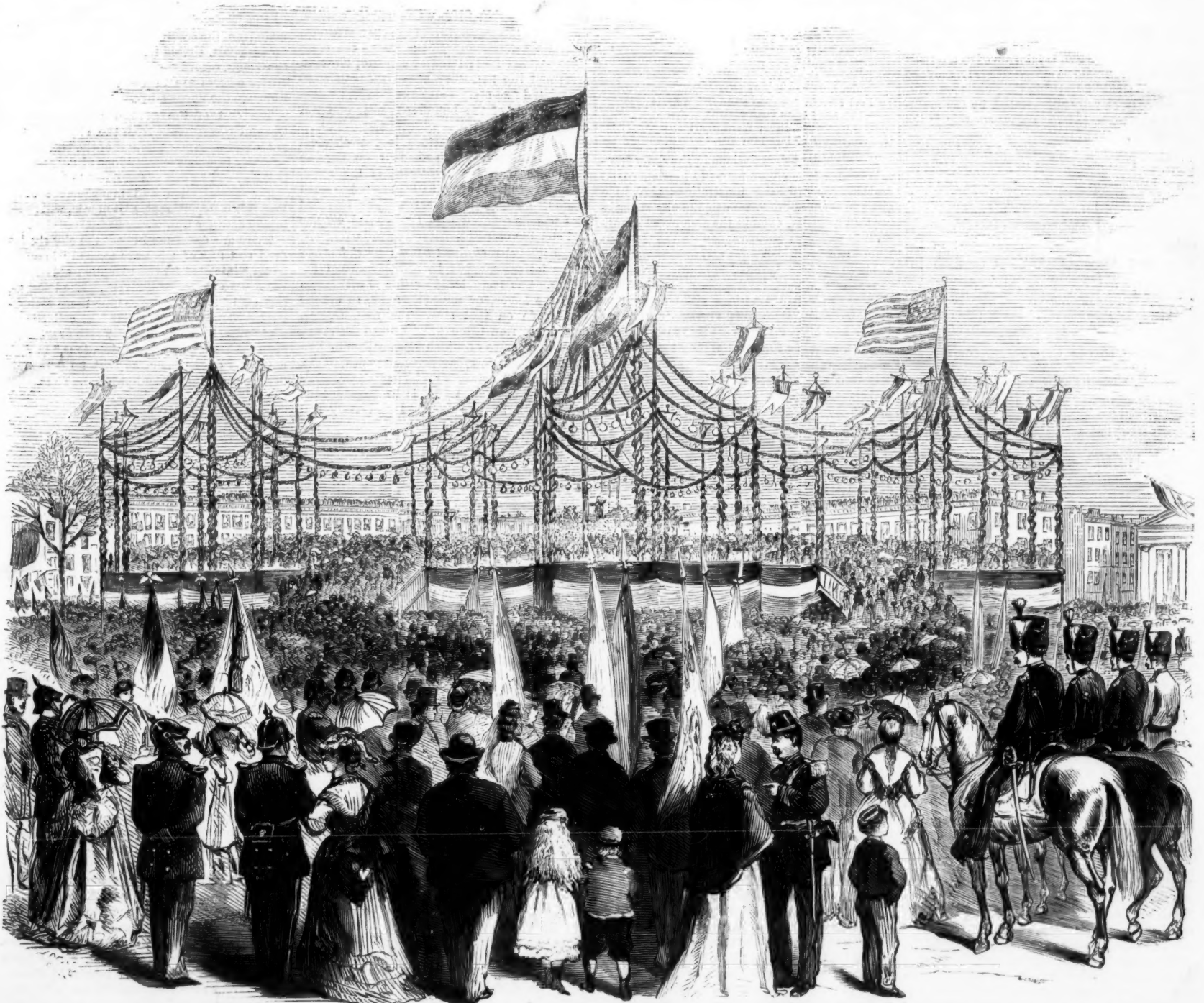
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NEW YORK CITY.—PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE JUBILEE—REVIEW OF THE PROCESSION FROM CITY HALL. CAR WITH DRESSMAKERS' MODELS, ETC.



NEW YORK CITY.—PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE JUBILEE—THE IVORY-TURNERS' CAR, ELEPHANT, ETC., PASSING CITY HALL.



NEW YORK CITY.—GRAND GERMAN PEACE JUBILEE, APRIL 10TH—THE MEETING AT TOMPKINS SQUARE, OPENED WITH LUTHER'S HYMN, "EINE FESTE BURG," SONG BY THE UNITED VOCAL SOCIETIES.—SEE PAGE 107.

To the Lovers of First-Class Literature.

Continuation by English Writers of Dickens' "Mystery of Edwin Drood."

"JOHN JASPER'S SECRET."

In this issue we commence the publication of "JOHN JASPER'S SECRET," being a Narrative of certain Events Following and Explaining "The Mystery of Edwin Drood"—a novel which has been some time in preparation by talented English writers, and whose appearance will be hailed with interest by every lover of English *celles-littres*. Our presentation of the new story is adorned with a profusion of the most spirited and admirable illustrations.

With this number also is gratuitously distributed an illustrated Supplement, containing Mr. Dickens's novel of "THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD" from its commencement.

FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, APRIL 20, 1871.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

One copy one year, or 52 numbers - \$4.00
One copy six months, or 26 numbers - 2.00
One copy for thirteen weeks - 1.00

CLUB TERMS.

Five copies one year, in one wrapper, to one address, \$20, with extra copy to person getting up club.

Notice.

To our subscribers in Texas. Owing to the disordered condition of Postal affairs throughout the State, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for money forwarded us, unless sent by means of Post-Office Order, Draft, or Express. It is unsafe to register letters. This notice only applies to Texas.

THE GERMAN JUBILEE OF PEACE AND UNITY.

THE PEACE JUBILEE of our German-born fellow-citizens, on Easter Monday—a favorite holiday of the Teutonic race—was, in several respects, one of the most remarkable events of the times. However vividly it may be described and illustrated in the public journals, it can only be fully appreciated by the multitudes who witnessed the demonstration in the city of New York.

The concurrent testimony of our American Press and people warrant us in saying that no other celebration in this metropolis has been so well managed or so numerously attended. The public journals generally accompany their descriptions by editorial comments, substantially in unison with the declaration of the New York Herald, that "the greatest, the grandest, the most imposing and most impressive civic pageant ever witnessed in this city, or on this Continent, was that presented by our Germanic population—which, in every sense, is fully entitled to the distinguishing designation of our GREAT GERMANIC PEACE JUBILEE."

"Peace hath its victories as well as war." And this was emphatically one of the noblest civic triumphs—the predominant MORAL and SPIRIT throwing a halo around the brilliancy of the demonstration.

It was literally a Peace Jubilee—everyway worthy of the name and the occasion. Not a word, or act, or banner, or motto, connected with the immense movement, deserved anything but praise. Good feeling and good taste could not have been more happily combined in any public display. With a magnanimity that added dignity to the occasion, not a sign or syllable indicated any harsh feeling toward the Great Nation with which Germany was in conflict during the tremendous warfare now terminated. All was faultless—admirable alike in spirit and execution. And this is no slight praise, in view of the many and mighty questions involved in the recent warfare. To such a remarkable extent were these characteristics prevalent, that the Frenchman, mourning over the calamities of his native land, was not shocked by any unmanly allusions to his country; so that even the New York Courier des Eats-Unis, zealous champion as it is of Gallic honor, frankly admits that this German celebration was irreproachable in every respect. The generous example of our German friends is worthy of imitation by others among us, who occasionally parade the streets with banners and mottoes insulting to adversaries.

All this is the more remarkable, in view of the multitude participating in the procession. The New York Evening Post, always careful in opinion and expression, gives "fifty thousand" as the number of persons actually in the ranks—with flags and banners multitudinous—on some of which it might have been apprehended that some unpleasant mottoes would appear. The procession is said to have included about 12,000 horses, 1,200 carriages,

600 wagons and trade vehicles (for many trades were represented by operatives in "working order")—the procession, civic and military (for the Germanic military organizations were present), being enlivened by the music of not less than twenty-five drum-corps and one hundred and thirty brass bands. The procession, which moved with a steadiness unusual in such civic marches, occupied over three hours and a half in passing a given point. Business was, to a great extent, suspended through the city, and never before were the streets crowded with such a multitude of spectators through such a long extent of lines—the routes measuring about ten miles.

Never was our great city in more hearty good-humor. The immensity of the popular turnout—hundreds of thousands having been spectators through some portion of the day—while making an enduring impress on the minds of all observers, left no stain on the city records or on the German name; for rowdiness slunk into its retreats, rebuked by the kindly sentiment that animated all concerned either as movers in or spectators of the gorgeous pageant. An entire exemption from unpleasant incidents distinguished this great Jubilee from most of our public celebrations.

The whole affair surpassed the expectations of all concerned. The Germans astonished even themselves by the extent and completeness of the demonstration. Divided more or less by old local designations here as well as in the Fatherland, this was the first public occasion on which the Germans of New York came together in the strengthened bonds of brotherhood, cemented by the fraternal ties that now bind together Teutons of all sections under the general and glorious name of GERMAN. New York now contains a German population equaled in numbers by only two among the cities of their native land; and it may be questioned whether any city of Germany could make a civic display surpassing, if equaling, the demonstration by which the Americanized Germans of our commercial metropolis have consecrated their devotion to the memories and welfare of the Fatherland. Our Teutonic fellow-citizens give abundant evidence that, long divided as they have been by discordant local designations, they are now all happily combined under the great and glorious banner of United Germany.

"No 'East' or 'West,' no 'South' or 'North,'
Now rends their native soil;
In peace and war, 'united all,'
The Germans wisely toll:
Foul foreign schemes and foreign arms
Too long their land assailed,
But GERMAN UNITY, thank God!
Has now at last prevailed."

The abundant descriptions in the daily journals render it needless for us to particularize: And hence, with the illustrations elsewhere given in our columns, we conclude by remarking that nothing, even in the wonderful events resulting in the Resurrection of the GERMAN EMPIRE in improved form and spirit—nothing has been better calculated to impress favorably the minds of their American-born fellow-citizens, in other American cities as well as in New York, than this GREAT JUBILEE OF PEACE AND UNITY—an event that may rank as a MORAL VICTORY foremost among the German triumphs of the age.

It is a coincidence not unworthy of notice in this connection, that this day of Jubilee for the Preservation and Unity of Germany was the Anniversary of the great event of Appomattox, which terminated the contest for the preservation of the NATIONALITY of the United States—a struggle in which the Americanized Germans almost universally sustained the UNITY OF THESE STATES.

THE NEW YORK POST OFFICE.

THERE are two kinds of progress in the affairs of men, and of great cities—namely, the fast and the slow; and, although the fast predominates in New York, it is in other respects than the building of Post Offices. It is a remarkable fact, that the first city in the Western World has never yet had a Post Office that was built for a Post Office!

Up to the year 1828, or thereabout, and thence backward to the beginning of the present century, the business of the New York Post Office was transacted in two rooms of a dwelling-house in William street, at the corner of Garden street, now Exchange Place.

In 1828, after the first Merchants' Exchange was built on a part of the ground now occupied by the Custom House, which latter building was formerly the second Merchants' Exchange, the Post Office was removed to the basement floor of that original Merchants' Exchange, the easterly side or end of that floor having been fitted up for that purpose.

The great fire of 1835 destroyed the Exchange, and the next removal of the so-called "establishment" was to the small brick building then standing by itself in the City Hall Park, fronting on Chambers street, and known as the Rotunda. The Rotunda was afterward occupied by the Croton Aqueduct Department, but was taken down and removed in the autumn of 1870.

That building was the General Post Office for seven years.

In 1844, Colonel John L. Graham, then Postmaster, hired, on a lease, what was known as the Middle Dutch Church, and fitted it up for a Post Office; and that building, with its many successive alterations and extensions, is still the New York Post Office. The General Government has at last purchased the lower corner of the City Hall Park for a Post Office site, and the foundations of a new building are laid; but here comes in the slow progress already referred to—and some years will elapse before the new building is completed. However, the task of erecting the building is one of unusual magnitude.

The exterior walls are to be of Dix Island granite, and the dimensions of the four fronts are severally as follows: the northerly side (toward the City Hall) is about three hundred feet; the Broadway and Park Row fronts, respectively, two hundred and seventy feet; and the southerly part, one hundred and thirty feet.

The difficulty of laying the foundations may be judged from the following facts: The depth of excavation over the entire plot was over thirty feet, and the material to be removed was entirely loose sand, while the traffic in Broadway and Park Row, including railroad cars and omnibuses, was enormous, involving the danger of a caving-in of both streets! The trenches in which the retaining walls and pier foundations were to be laid had to be completely incased in sheet-piling, shored across with timbers, under the protection of which the excavation was carried on and the masonry laid. The excavation was done mostly at night, the ground being illuminated by magnesium light. The outer walls, and those of the court, and the foundations of the interior columns, are based on huge granite blocks, the granite being laid on massive beds of concrete. One hundred and fifty-nine iron columns in the basement, and one hundred and seventeen in the first story, support the walls and floors. The piers of the cellar are of granite, or arched brick and iron; the stairs are of stone and iron; the chimneys, of stone; the roof and its ornaments, of iron, covered with slate and copper. Four large low-pressure boilers supply the steam for heating the entire building. The roofs of the corner pavilions rise one hundred and seven feet above the sidewalk. The cellar is a little more than seven feet in the clear; the basement, sixteen feet; the first corridor, fourteen feet; and the half-story above it—both completing the first story—also fourteen feet. The entire circuit of the building is over one-fifth of a mile.

The style of architecture is the classical Italian Renaissance, with some modifications to harmonize with the treatment of the roofs, which are to be French, as best suited to such architecture on a large scale. The Mansard roof will be covered with an ironclad cornice and metallic cresting.

The irregular angles imposed by the shape of the lot are marked by semi-hexagonal pavilions. The main building line is withdrawn from the lower, or southerly front, to extend the facade on that side. The roof, square-domed, rests on three arms of a Greek cross, out of the centre of which rises a heavily buttressed cupola, carrying projecting pediments, with detached columns on its four faces. The foot of the flagstaff, which is to surmount the cupola, will be one hundred and sixty feet above the sidewalk.

The fronts on Broadway and Park Row, respectively, are broken by square central pavilions, with pyramidal roofs, of which the first and second stories are faced with detached colonnades of coupled columns. Below are the main lateral entrances to the Post Office corridor. The centre of the largest and northerly front is relieved by a broad pavilion with a two-story colonnade, roofed with a dome, the balustrade of which is one hundred and fifty feet above the sidewalk. The dome is lighted by a range of round windows, and surmounted by an attic, ornamented by a sculptured pediment and a crown with the national arms. The form of the building is, substantially, a trapezoid, with an open triangular court in the centre, below the main story; it includes a sub-basement, basement, three stories in the walls, and a roof story.

A drive-way, or street, forty feet in width, reserved from the northerly side of the ground purchased by the Government, serves as an approach to that front, and secures the perfect isolation of the building, with perpetual access of light and air on that side, as well as on the other sides, whatever changes may hereafter be made in the adjoining ground.

The principal entrances are at the southwest front under a portico, which gives access to the Post Office corridor, and by a broad double staircase to the upper stories; and at the northerly corner pavilions on Broadway and Park Row, where two great elliptical stairways lead again to the higher stories, but do not communicate with the ground-floor, being reserved for the United States Courts, and their dependencies. Besides these, there are lateral entrances to the Post Office corridor on Broadway and Park

Row, and to the Post Office proper on those two sides, and also on the northerly front.

The sub-basement, or cellar, and the basement, cover the whole area of the lot, and are extended under the sidewalks, the central court and the drive-way on the northerly side. The cellar will be used for the boilers, engines and heating apparatus and for the storage of coal and other bulky material. The basements and the first story are reserved for the use of the Post Office.

The first story occupies the entire space of the building, including the central court, which is here roofed with glass; the walls of which, with all the interior partitions of the stories above, are, in this story and the basement, carried on columns, leaving the whole area of the Post Office roof open to light and free use and communication.

The corridor for the use of the public occupies the exterior belt of the ground-floor on the southerly front, and on the Broadway and Park Row fronts far enough to include the central pavilions, and it is separated from the Post Office room by a Box and Delivery screen. This corridor is half the height of the first story, and the space above it is occupied by a half-story, which, being entirely open on the inside, forms a gallery encompassing the Post Office room on three sides. The high windows of the first story, running through both the corridor and the half-story, give an uninterrupted communication of light and air to the interior, while the supply of light is increased by the whole breadth of the glass roof over the court. The floor under this floor is also of glass, giving light to the sub-basement, which is also lighted by means of illuminating tile in the sidewalks.

In the upper stories, corridors fourteen feet wide make the circuit of the whole building; and from those corridors, rooms open on either hand toward the streets and the inner court. The rooms over the principal entrance, and which look down Broadway, are reserved for the Postmaster; and those for the Assistant Postmaster and Cashier are close at hand.

The whole of the northerly front is given to the United States Courts. There are three court-rooms, of which the two largest are continued up through two stories in height. Adjoining these, are special rooms for the Judges, near which private stairways furnish the only access to the jury-rooms in the third story. The remainder of the second story is occupied by rooms for Marshals, United States Attorney, Clerks of the Courts, record-rooms, etc., etc. Other United States officers are to be accommodated with rooms in the upper story.

The cost of the ground purchased by the General Government from the city was half a million of dollars. The cost of the building will probably be about four millions of dollars. The building will be one of the finest in the city.

The organization and management of the Post Office Department, as it now is, will now be briefly described.

There are distributed about the city six hundred and fifty of what are termed "lamp-post boxes," intended for the reception of letters for the mails and for city delivery. The letters are collected from those boxes nine times each day, except Sundays. The Sunday collection is made once, in the evening. There are, besides, fourteen branch offices, or "stations," in different parts of the town, so that no person has occasion to go far to mail a letter. The stations are:

Station A	At No. 100 Spring street.
" B "	382 Grand street.
" C "	627 Hudson street.
" D "	12 Bible House.
" E "	304 Eighth avenue.
" F "	342 Third avenue.
" G "	735 Seventh avenue.
" H "	978 Third avenue.
" J "	Cor. B'way & 75th street.
" K "	86th street, near Third avenue.
" L "	227 Third avenue.
" M "	158th street, cor. Tenth avenue.
" N "	206th street, near Fourteenth av.
" O "	Avenue C, cor. Sixth street.

The mass of mail matter deposited at the General Office is so great, that the places for depositing it are separated, and are designated by painted signs.

Newspapers, pamphlets, etc., are required to be mailed in the hall, which contains the delivery boxes of the publishers of newspapers and periodicals. Of those boxes there are one hundred and seventy-four. In the adjoining hall, or lobby, are the places for depositing printed circulars, letters for city delivery, letters for the Eastern States, for the Northern States and Canada, for the Western States, for the Southern States, etc., which are all designated by separate signs; and, in the eastern part of the same lobby, the same separations and designations are made for foreign letters—Great Britain, France, etc., etc.

The Box Delivery Department contains nearly seven thousand boxes; and those boxes, although a great convenience to their lessees, may be called the great labor-saving and money-saving machine of the Post Office. They enable a dozen or fifteen clerks to do the work of—perhaps two hundred! for the box delivery accommodates the seven thousand firms represented by the boxes, independently of the delivery by carriers to those who have

no boxes, and the general delivery to those who have no fixed or known residences, and who obtain their letters by calling for them at the windows assigned for that purpose. Were there no boxes, the Department would be forced to make the indicated large addition to their force of carriers, or to appropriate, at least, the space now occupied by the boxes for a similar number of pigeon-holes, alphabetically arranged, whence persons calling for letters could be served. In other words: if the merchants and others declined to take each his own box and pay an annual rent for it, the Department would be compelled to make the exact equivalent of the present boxes at its own expense; or, as already mentioned, largely increase their number of carriers—also, of course, at its own expense.

This statement is made for the purpose of showing that the Department should assign boxes to merchants and others free of charge. The boxes save the Department at least a hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year in clerk hire! But what is the fact?

For many years previous to, and for some years subsequent to 1825, the annual charge for the rent of a box was two dollars and a half. In 1850 it had been for some years four dollars. About 1855, it was raised to six dollars; a few years later, to eight dollars; and thereafter, up to January 1st, 1871, it was twelve dollars; on that 1st of January it was raised to sixteen dollars! In every instance the increase was made by the Department without any previous notice to, or consultation with, the box lessees.

The last increase was announced by a circular to each lessee, in these terms, delivered with his letters, as a New Year's compliment:

"Your attention is called to the following instructions from the Post Office Department:

P. H. JONES, Postmaster.
Washington, December 23, 1870.

To P. H. Jones, Postmaster, New York—

"Sir: You are hereby authorized and directed to increase the rent of the boxes in your office to sixteen dollars a year, to take effect on and after January 1, 1871. This increase is ordered to meet the expenses of the Box Department in your office.

Very respectfully,
J. W. MARSHALL,
First Assist't P. M. General."

It is, no doubt, the duty of all good citizens to submit to their rulers; but this continued aggression on the patience and the pockets of the New York merchants, is hard to bear. In each instance, the tax is small in amount; perhaps no business man really feels it as a pecuniary burden. But when each considers that any charge whatever is an imposition, and that the "expenses," not "of the Box Department," as the Assistant Postmaster General styles it, but of the Post Office itself, are materially lessened by having the boxes—instead of being increased by the boxes—the victims of the extortion feel very much like kicking, supposing they could "kick" to any purpose. The pretext for the increase—"to meet the expenses of the Box Department"—is an insult to every business man in New York. It is worse than the "Sundries" of some public cash accounts; for that term does refer to something, either proper or improper; but there are no "expenses" in the Box Department. The cash entries of that Department are all on one side—namely the credit side. They produce a net revenue, on the sixteen dollars basis, of about one hundred thousand dollars: and the having of the boxes causes a saving to the Department (in clerk hire) of nearly a hundred and fifty thousand dollars more; making a practical gain of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, in round numbers.

And yet, of course, no business man may find it worth his while to make a fuss—which would do no good—for sixteen dollars. Indeed, when the same men pay their hundreds and thousands of yearly increase in assessments, taxes, and what not, without any great demur, why should they complain of sixteen dollars? The Department may reply to all that: "You are not compelled to hire boxes; you take them of your own free choice;" and so forth. Yes, but the fact remains, that, in this matter, the Department takes advantage of circumstances to make the merchants pay a tax on what is, indeed, an accommodation to them; but it is a far greater accommodation to the Department itself. The charge is a small business, and unworthy of a great Department.

So much for boxes, and box-rents. The daily business of the New York Post Office is enormous, and always increasing.

The letters received by mail steamers from foreign ports, partly for delivery in this city and partly to be forwarded to other places in the United States, are about fifteen thousand daily, as an average.

The letters sent to foreign countries by the steamers are, on an average, about seventeen thousand, daily.

The daily average of domestic letters sent from the New York Office is about one hundred and fifty-five thousand.

The daily average of domestic letters received by the mails for delivery in the city is about one hundred and twenty-six thousand; and the same received here to be forwarded to other points in the country is about seventy-two thousand.

Of letters mailed in the city for city delivery there are about one hundred thousand daily; and of printed circulars received in the city for city delivery there are about twenty thousand daily.

Of letters taken out by carriers for delivery to persons who do not hire boxes, the daily average is about fifty-three thousand.

The daily average collection from the lamp-post boxes is about one hundred and one thousand letters.

Of registered letters received by the mails there are about five hundred a day; and of those, nearly four hundred are for city distribution. Of registered letters sent from the office by the mails, there are about two hundred and fifty daily.

The daily amount of money paid on money orders received from different parts of the country is about one thousand dollars.

The weekly receipts for the sale of postage stamps are about forty-four thousand dollars.

The daily number of letters deposited for the mails without stamps is about two hundred; and the number of letters illegibly addressed, or so addressed by a wrong name of town or State that it is useless to forward them, is about one hundred daily. Letters of those two classes are sent immediately to the Dead Letter Office, at Washington.

The number of persons employed as clerks, porters, etc., in the entire Department, including the employes of the several stations, is seven hundred and fifteen.

The rates of domestic postage, which must always be prepaid with stamps, are: On mail letters to any part of the United States, three cents for half an ounce, or fraction of half an ounce; on letters to persons within the city or town where they are mailed, where free delivery by carriers is established, two cents for half an ounce, or a fraction thereof; and where such free delivery is not established, one cent for a half ounce, or a fraction thereof. On unsealed circulars sent by mail, two cents a half ounce, or fraction thereof; on newspapers, not sent from their publication offices, two cents each; on pamphlets, proof-sheets, manuscripts for books, engravings, and printed matter other than books, two cents for every four ounces. On books, four cents for every four ounces.

The rates of foreign postage are: On letters to Great Britain, not exceeding half an ounce in weight, six cents; and on newspapers, two cents each. On letters to France, not exceeding half an ounce, ten cents; and on newspapers, three cents. The rates of postage to the hundreds of other places throughout the world are various and variable; and they can be definitely ascertained only by reference to the monthly publication issued from the Post-office, entitled *The United States Mail*.

The private view of pictures contributed for the Forty-sixth Annual Exhibition of the New York Academy of Design on the evening of April 13th, was in every respect a brilliant affair. The "favored few" were this time many in number, and the toilets of the ladies shared with the works of art in appreciation and notice. The collection of paintings was large, and it was quite evident that our artists have taken a greater interest in this exhibition than any former one. Portraits, charming landscapes, fine studies in flowers, and well-expressed ideals were agreeably mingled on the walls, while a small collection of busts and reliefs in marble received merited acknowledgment. The memorates of the late Mr. Elliott, presented by his wife, were exhibited in a lower room, and attracted much attention from the art friends of the deceased painter. Mr. T. Addison Richards, the efficient Secretary of the Academy, was assiduous in his attention to the guests.

LAURA KEENE AND WILLIAM CRESWICK.

LAURA KEENE—directress, comedienne and melodramatic actress, displaying in each professional line such marked and signal ability—has, during the present season, again appeared in New York. This was at Lina Edwin's Theatre, where her success was so marked and so gratifying to her after her long absence from the Metropolitan boards, that she was encouraged to try anew the chance and change of Metropolitan management. For this purpose she has engaged the cozy but somewhat out-of-the-way French Theatre, which she has re-christened by abstracting the foreign half of its name, and substituting her own. Let us most sincerely trust that Fortune will smile upon one of the best actresses who has ever tempted her in the United States as a theatrical directress.

She opened on Tuesday evening, April 11th, with a new play called "Nobody's Child." It is the property of Mr. William Creswick, and was written for him by Watts Phillips, the English dramatist. Necessarily he played the leading part.

Mr. Creswick has for so many years held such a sterling and independent position upon the English stage, where he was recognized as one of the best legitimate tragedians, that we confess it is with small regret that we saw him for the first time appear in this drama. But as in England the *vite aurum* was the reason for his producing it, so we presume the wretched greenback has been the reason for Miss Laura Keene's selecting it for his appearance in this country. The plot is made up of a letter opened by one who has no right to it—a will in a tin case—descending a precipice into a ravine by hands and feet, and being drawn out by a girl—the story of "Cymon and Iphigenia" put into modern breeches and petticoats—shooting a lover by the maiden whose money he is attempting to secure—a swindling old miser; a swindling captain; a swindling horse-jockey; with other incidental personages and facts of a similarly edifying and moral nature. Having said this, we resolutely thrust the play behind us, with a sincere compliment to Miss Keene for the tact and energy which she has displayed in mounting it in so brief a space of time—we believe little more than two weeks—and, with an apology to her for first attending

to the greater novelty, Mr. William Creswick, purpose to review or interview the new actor.

His character is the "Cymon," we have alluded to. It is named Joe, and is "Nobody's Child."

The powerful feature of the character is its general development from apparent idiosyncrasy to active reason, under the influence of love. The action of the piece would seem to occupy but some three days. We at once, therefore, wash our hands of its probability, and shall simply examine what Mr. Creswick has done with the character. He deals with it largely, honestly, and simply. Although it is a thoroughly finished piece of acting, there is nothing small or puerile in its treatment of it. The gradual change in the man, abrupt as the dramatist has chosen to make it, is worked out by him with a care and art which, for the moment, close our eyes to its improbability. The scene in which Paddy Laycock cuts his hair and stirs up his heart, was exquisitely touched by him, and with the most artistic delicacy; while the whole of the last scene with Captain Dudley Lazony was acted with a quietly realistic vigor of the highest class. We ought also to notice the struggle of the thoughts, which germinate in his mind from his love for Paddy, as being developed with consummate skill. As for his physical gifts, these are ample. Mr. Creswick's movements are so thoroughly studied, that they appear to be unstudied, and even careless, although full of a natural grace; while his voice is as round, and pleasant in its intonation, as that of a far younger man. We are able to say little more of him until we see him in a character which affords more positive means of estimating his possession of the higher qualities of his Art, although we entertain little doubt, from the vitality and poetry he succeeded in throwing into the commonplace Cymon. Mr. Watts Phillips has given him to render, that, in a Shakespearean character, he would at once grasp our appreciation, and compel us to an adequate estimation of him. He is, essentially, a modern actor, and appears to have founded his progress in his profession upon the same principles which are evident in Lewis's style of impersonation. Of course, the two differ widely. As no two apples hanging upon the same tree can be precisely alike in size, form, color, or taste, so, necessarily, are Messrs. Fichter and Creswick different. But it is clear that both are thoroughly mental realists. They obey the impulse of the age, and, in a measure, completely represent it.

And now, what shall we say of Laura Keene? We can say nothing, save to reiterate the compliments we have passed on her in former years. She seems to be not one whit older. Her smile is as winning, her acting as plausibly natural as ever. When force is required, she gives us precisely as much of it as we need. In a word, she is as young as when we first saw her.

If she has not a most successful season in Fourteenth street, it will not be her fault, but that of the locality of the theatre.

However, when we recollect the successes achieved there by Ristori, the Opera Bonfide and Fichter—there were evil prophecies rife of the whole of these—we confess that we have strong hopes. As a theatrical manager, she stood in the first rank, and as she is of the gentle sex, a strong claim might be put forward by her upon our *jeune dame* for their support. By all means let her have it. If Wallace's, Daly's, Lina Edwin's and so many other theatres pay those who run them, we can see no earthly reason that Laura Keene should not make money when she offers us, good scenery, a good stock company and such a "star" as William Creswick, even with such a play as "Nobody's Child."

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

England.—The Universities' Boat Race, London.—Marriage of Princess Louise—Throwing the Slipper, Windsor Castle—H. M. Twin-Screw Ironclad "Glatton."

The annual boat-race between the crews of Oxford and Cambridge Universities occurred on Saturday, April 1st, on the usual Thames course, from Putney to Mortlake. This was the twenty-eighth contest since the match was instituted in 1829, and it resulted in a second consecutive victory for Cambridge. The crews were two of the strongest ever sent to Putney for their final preparation. Both crews went into training on the home waters on the 23d of February, and they reached Putney about a fortnight previous, for final "polish." The Oxford eight then looked much more powerful than their opponents, and, despite the fact that they rowed in far less excellent style and were generally raw and unfinished, their physique created so favorable an impression and the prestige of their boat was so great, that they were at once made favorites, and were even, till a week of the event, in such demand, that odds of six to four were freely laid on their chance. By that time, however, the proceedings of both crews were most industriously "touted," and the Cambridge men gave so much more satisfaction than did the Oxford boat, that the betting veered completely round. The Cambridge crew passed the winning-post two lengths ahead, in twenty-three minutes and three seconds from the start.

Among the many pleasing incidents connected with the late royal marriage, none exceeded in heartiness that fine old-time custom of throwing the slipper. At a quarter past four the bride and bridegroom left Windsor Castle, in a carriage with four grays, for Claremont, escorted by a detachment of Life Guards. They were accompanied to the carriage in the quadrangle, or to the door of the Castle, where it stood in waiting, by many of their kinsmen and kinswomen; other friends, including the Queen and all the Royal family, watched their departure from the steps or windows. Handkerchiefs were waved to them as they drove off, and a shower of satin slippers were thrown after them as they drove off, and a broom, the Scottish token of wishing good luck upon such an occasion.

The new ironclad *Glatton*, which was recently launched at Chatham Dockyard, is a turret ship of the *Monitor* class—the first constructed for the British Navy. She was commenced in 1868, from designs by Chief-Constructor Reed, and the main idea was to remedy the defects of the form adopted in the American monitors, in which the deck and turrets, and the hull below the water-line, are too much exposed to an enemy's fire. The hull of the *Glatton* is protected by heavy iron plates, though it is feared the extra armor will interfere with the ship's speed. In addition to her guns she carries an enormous ram, protruding eight feet from the stem.

Paris.—Sailors Raising a Sunken Gunboat—Execution of Generals by the Paris Insurgents—Patriotic Gifts from England to France.

The day of signing the Capitulation of Paris, one of the gunboats of the Seine was sunk by the marines, under an impression that it would have been included in the delivery of arms to the Prussians. The boat in question was run against the pier of the Pont-au-Change, by the First Regiment of the Infantry of the Marine. After the departure of the Army of Occupation, the same regiment, learning that none of the gunboats had been delivered up, betook themselves to the task of undoing their work, and after several days' labor succeeded in weighing up the gunboat and putting her in condition for service again. This useful and self-imposed task accomplished, the marines took part in the general disbanding of the troops which had defended Paris, and proceeded to their port of embarkation.

The hasty execution of Generals Thomas and Leconte, two officers who had rendered France valiant service during the terrible war, on the memorable 18th of March, was the crowning brutality of the hordes of insurgents. General Thomas, one of the oldest soldiers in the service, met his sudden fate

with a heroism worthy of renown. He boldly faced his assassins, chapeau in hand, and, as bullet after bullet entered the veteran's body, naught but a spasmodic quiver indicated his pain. Fourteen balls lodged about his person, but the soldier still stood, with eyes fixed; the fifteenth, entering his eye, penetrated the brain, and he fell over dead. Clement Thomas was one of the youngest generals, having entered the war with the rank of colonel. He was an ardent and intelligent collector of rare books, a gentleman profound in science, literature and numismatics. His death was almost instantaneous.

Shortly after the revictualing of Paris, a party of patriotic Englishmen, who had remained in the city during the siege, contributed a sum of money sufficient to redeem implements of work pawned by the poor residents to procure bread. The Mont de Pitié was visited, and a selected stock purchased, the tickets being returned, and the articles promptly turned over to the unfortunate owners to assist them in making a fresh start in life.

France.—The National Assembly at Versailles.—An Incident of the Siege of Paris.

Saturday, March 18th, was one of the gloomiest in the history of France. The revolutionary party became master of the capital, and celebrated their success by acts of the utmost brutality. In consequence of the reports sent to the seat of the Republican Government, Versailles, the session of the National Assembly, on the 20th, was remarkably exciting. The deputies gave free vent to their feelings, and very strong opinions were expressed. Several proclamations were issued by President Thiers, and steps taken to prevent further acts of lawlessness. Government troops fraternized with the insurgents; able generals were assassinated; and orders issued by the rioters, calling for the shooting at sight of the President and many deputies. These combined to make this session one of unusual interest.

During one of the last encounters before Paris, a priest of the Dominican Order, with the cross of St. John on his arm, penetrated the network of fortifications until he reached an advanced redoubt where a number of wounded French soldiers had been collected. While passing from one to another, administering the rights of holy religion, the courageous *père* was struck in the breast by a bullet from a Prussian sharpshooter, and fell at his post. The world, we fear, will never know how many of these brave priests perished through their active devotion to the Master's service, at a time so trying to human endurance.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

AFTER an absence of several years, Mr. John E. Owens appeared in Baltimore, Md., April 3d, and opened the Hallday Street Theatre, giving Buckstone's comedy of "Married Life," and his specialty is *Solan Shingle*.

Dr. LEOPOLD DAMROSCH, of Berlin, a gentleman of high culture and of uncommon musical talent and proficiency as composer and performer, recently arrived in this city, and has accepted the leadership of the Arion Society.

It is said that Mr. Grau has made arrangements for Madame Seebach to give her farewell performance in conjunction with Mr. Edwin Booth at the Academy of Music. The tragedy of "Hamlet" will probably be performed.

Mr. Booth, answering a request very generally expressed, closes his engagement at his theatre this week with his great portrayal of the Cardinal Richelieu. Seldom has a piece been presented with such a liberal accompaniment of rich scenery as this, and Mr. Booth's imitations of the old man physically weak, but still possessing great mental power, are very faithful. His support is excellent.

The projected season of Italian Opera will positively begin at the Academy of Music on May 1st. It will include ten subscription nights, the first of which will be devoted to a performance of "Il Poltuto." Miss Kellogg will be the prima donna, and she will be heard in "Il Poltuto" with Signor Villani, whose grandest part the principal rôle in this work is understood to be.

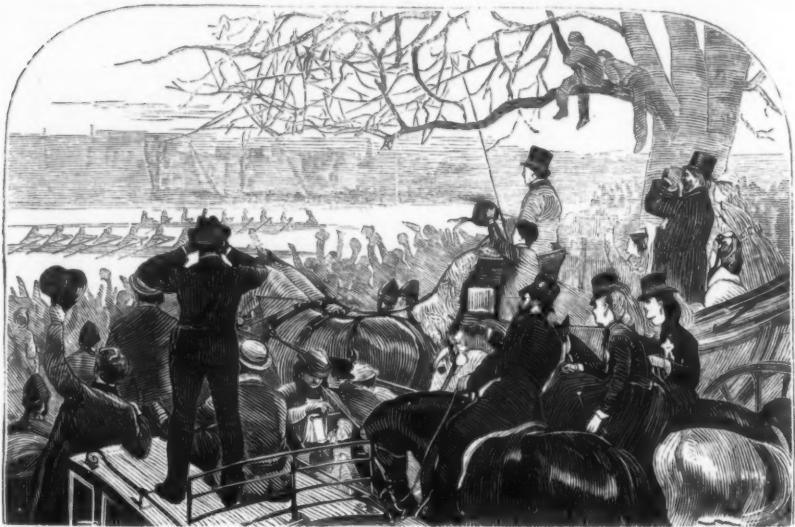
MISS CASSE RENZ gave the first of a series of concerts in Steinway Hall, New York, on the 33th. She has a fine soprano voice, the range of which is striking and remarkable. Taking the sounds partially from the head and partially from the throat, it ascends to the G sharp in altissimo, all the notes being pure and sweet. She was assisted by Adelaide Phillips, contralto; Leon, an excellent young tenor, and the veteran Ronconi.

MISS MINNIE HAUCK has just signed a contract for two years with the managers of the Imperial Opera, at Vienna, where she seems to be steadily gaining in reputation. A critical journal, speaking of her performance in the "Black Domino," says: "Miss Minnie Hauck, as *Angela*, is entitled to the most credit for the success of this representation, but her rôle itself leaves all others far behind it in comprehensiveness and importance. The success of the young singer is the more significant as the skillful performance of Artôt is here in lively remembrance. The wonderfully fine and brilliant polish of this artist, Miss Hauck, indeed, has not reached, but she in no way fell short of the requirements of her difficult rôle. Contrasted with the superiority and fine comeliness with which Desirée Artôt plays *Angela*—just like a grand lady—the lively, fresh, almost childish naïveté of Miss Hauck has its merits and its peculiar charm. In one piece she even surpassed her renowned predecessor, i. e., in the *Arragonaise*, which appeared fresher and more heartily from the mouth of Miss Hauck."

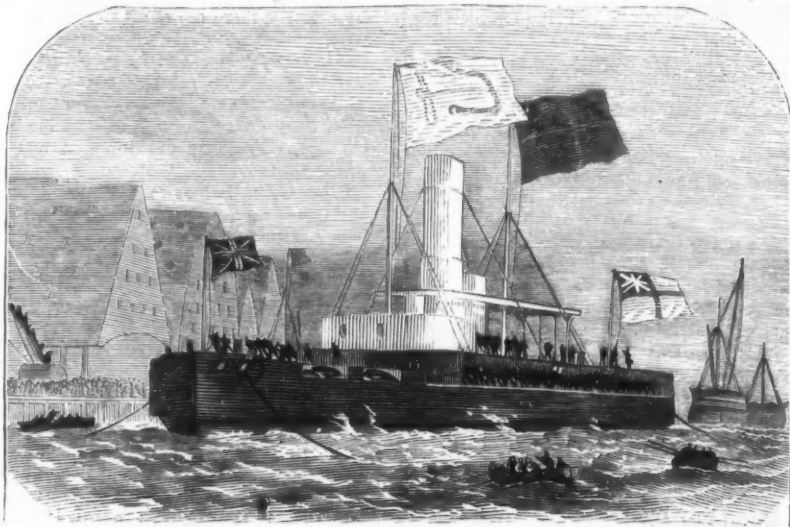
THE Shakespearean revival at Niblo's, New York, with "Richard III." as the initial piece, has been received with great favor. The managers deserve well of the public for the sumptuousness in which the piece was mounted. The scenery is very brilliant and artistic, and each set exhibits fine conception. Out of the numerous views, those of a regal Gothic apartment in the Palace of Windsor, of the cloisters at Westminster, of the Tower Fortress from the west, and of the palace hall in act the third, the tableau of old London in act the fourth, and the sketches of Richard's tent and of Bosworth Field, are conspicuous. The costumes and armors are in keeping in the matter of truthfulness, variety and elegance, and so are the accessories. The procession in the fourth act forms the most picturesque episode out of many interesting incidents, and would in itself recompense the spectator for his attendance. Many of the actors do not show to marked advantage. Messrs. Bennet, Warner and Levick, Mme. Ponsi, Mrs. Farnen, and Misses Le Brun and Madden, are particularly noticeable.

MR. CHARLES MATHEWS has been delighting solid houses at Daly's Fifth Avenue Theatre with choice scintillations of the comedy of *autrefois*. That slight, perennial young man—looking like some delineation of youth on an elderly, well-hardened canvas—flashing upon and filling the stage, glancing and glinting hither and thither—discovering himself everywhere, arch and impertinent, yet never *de trop*,—this apparition has afforded the *habitués* a new and delicate delight. It is like sitting at the elbow of Charles Lamb to enjoy the acting of Munden. It is old-world, rare, precious and peculiar: it is like a treasure found in a *bric-à-bac* shop in an incredible state of preservation. Mr. Mathews, in attaining a long, long career, is only now learning perfection in the representation of youth. He grows more undeniably young and buoyant with every appearance, and will be a finished boy a score or so of years from now. His triumph, we think, is in infusing a certain quiet and repose into the gayest and drollest parts. In this regard he can teach most of our comedians. His plays have been "Married for Money" and "Patter vs. Clatter."

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.



ENGLAND.—THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE, APRIL 1ST.



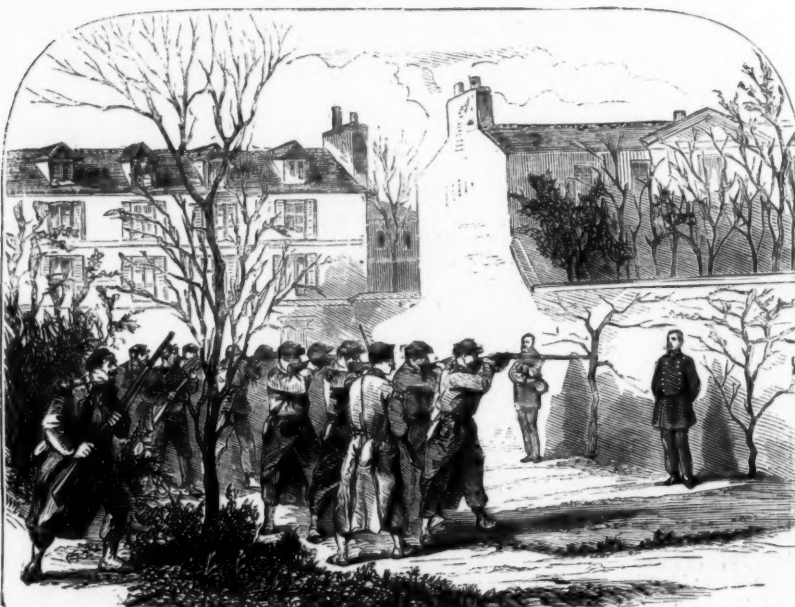
ENGLAND.—FLOATING OF H. M. TWIN-SCREW IRONCLAD MONITOR "GLATTON."



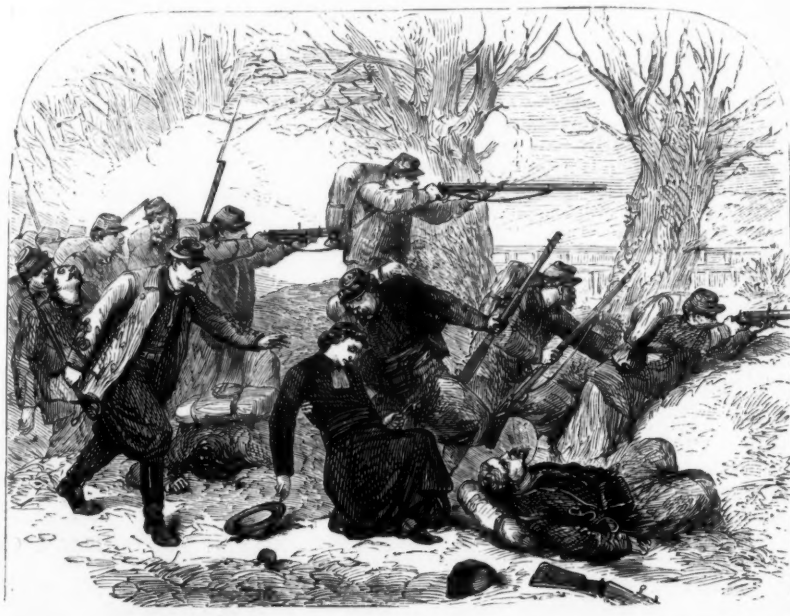
ENGLAND.—THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS LOUISE—THROWING THE SLIPPERS AFTER THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM.



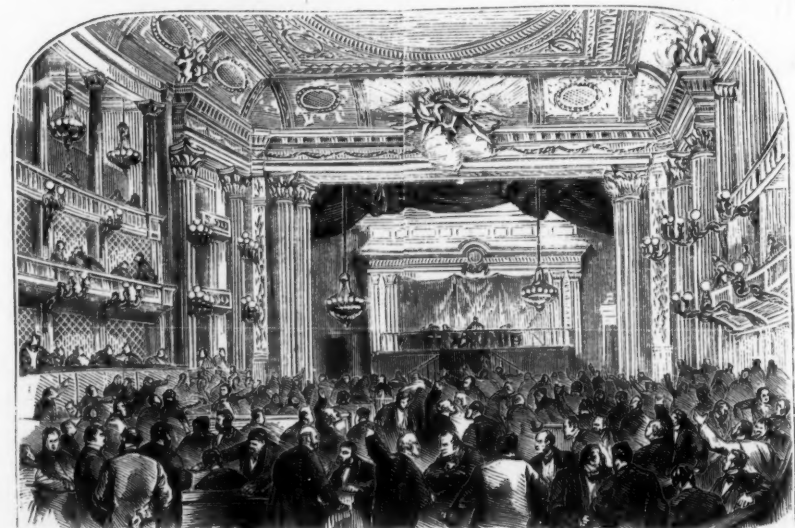
PARIS.—WORKMEN'S UTENSILS AND FURNITURE TAKEN OUT OF PAWN BY ENGLISH LIBERALITY, AT THE MONT DE PIÉTÉ.



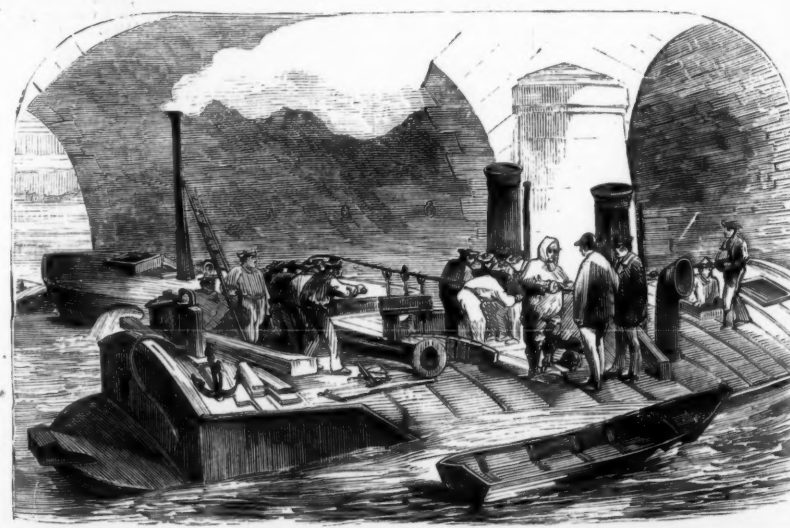
PARIS.—THE SHOOTING OF GENERALS CLÉMENT THOMAS AND LECOMTE.



FRANCE.—MISFORTUNES OF THE CLERGY—A CHARITABLE PRIEST STRICKEN DOWN WHILE ON AN ERRAND OF MERCY.



FRANCE.—SESSION OF THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY AT VERSAILLES—DELIBERATIONS ON THE REVOLUTIONARY NEWS FROM PARIS.



PARIS AFTER THE OCCUPATION.—THE MARINES PUMPING OUT A GUNBOAT WHICH HAD BEEN HIDDEN FROM THE PRUSSIAN IN THE WATERS OF THE SEINE.

JOHN JASPER'S SECRET.

BEING A NARRATIVE OF CERTAIN EVENTS
FOLLOWING AND EXPLAINING

"The Mystery of Edwin Drood."

PREFACE.

A few words of explanation are obviously necessary, in connection with the publication of this work, presumably unexpected by the reading world. These few words, however, will not take the shape of an apology, although a certain proportion of readers may suppose such a disarmament of judgment to be politic, and while a

Drood," by the writer who mystified the whole body of readers through a long portion of the career of the Golden Dustman, in "Our Mutual Friend."

LONDON, March, 1871.

CHAPTER I.

MAYOR SAPSEA GIVES AUDIENCE.

THE Worshipful the Mayor of Cloisterham sits in high state in his Mansion House. Perhaps not in these very words, but certainly in the same spirit would he put it, to the ear of confidence, in describing the state really held by the head of the ancient and honourable borough, at

sanctified—this might well be the recognized seat of power, police-guarded and urchin-dreaded, if Cloisterham really had its rights and privileges, instead of continuing the victim of cruel precedents. Why not a Mansion House, indeed, with the desk of the civic dignitary, at certain hours of the morning, holding behind it a stately person, fur-mantled and gold-chained, and at least announced on entrance as "The Worshipful the Mayor!" even if that higher flight should not be reached, and the proclamation fail to be "The Right Honourable the Lord Mayor!" Why not here, instead of in that less-impressive place, the Town Hall, with its bench of magistrates dividing honour and labour—why not here, and into this awful presence, offenders be haled by the

briefly referred to, of which the before-mentioned chief magistrate, active or retired, must be the appropriate bearer, being on that occasion "put to the sword" in that pleasant manner so well known in local history, and so grateful to the sufferer? And then, if at no other time, and in no other way—then Sir Thomas—

The reverie of Mayor Sapsea, in which that type-donkey has been indulging to quite the length of the lady with the basket of eggs, at this stage changes its character, and the rude present resumes the place of the possibly golden future. The dignitary has been indulging in it, seated alone in his chair of imaginary state and chamber of fancied power; and his chair and desk stand in such a position that, looking directly before him, he sees the quaint overhanging gables and latticed windows of the Nuns' House. From the house his active thought—that active thought which travels around the world by atmospheres, so to speak, sees China in a tea-caddy, and the Arctic regions in a fur tippet—naturally recurs to the young ladies who, during the school season, make the old house and gardens musical, and thence to that one of the late number who was said to have borne a close personal connection with the great event of his administration.

An unfortunate event, so far, he cannot but think. He does not ignore the fact that in the history of Cloisterham, yet to be written, more than a little of importance will be imparted by the knowledge that during the Sapsea Mayoralty occurred the mysterious disappearance and alleged murder of one Edwin Drood; but is it not just possible that the surpassing lustre of that period may be dimmed by the additional record of the mystery remaining unravelled, in spite of the (naturally supposed) bending of the chief magistrate's gigantic mind to its elucidation? More than once, of late weeks, this has occurred to him, until there is danger of this new mortification taking rank beside the one already sapping his vitals—that the late Mrs. Sapsea, albeit possibly a victim to the effort of looking up too high, had not been spared to look up yet higher, to Mind incorporated with Mayor, before crawling, in her abasement, into her chaste monument, and giving occasion for that brow-contracting Epitaph.

He has said to Mr. Datchery, some weeks before—a most meritorious person, this Datchery, showing creditable deference to both Intellect and Position—that his friend, Mr. John Jasper, man of iron will, awaying the long and strong arm of the law, will undoubtedly succeed in tracing home the guilt to the suspected perpetrator. But additional time has elapsed; Mr. Jasper seems to have made slow progress, if any; what if—

At this juncture there is a knock at the door, and a servant conveys the request of the respectful and approved Mr. Datchery, that he may be allowed to intrude for a few moments on the valuable time of the Worshipful the Mayor. He is permitted to enter, more truly from the grand wave of the magisterial hand than the word of permission; and the man of the white hair and the dark eye-brows is immediately in the presence. He has worn his hat to the door; Mr. Sapsea observes how quickly he removes it as he crosses the threshold, and the incident strengthens the toleration with which this highly-respectful visitor to Cloisterham, temporarily become a resident, is regarded by its first magistrate.

"Thanks for the permission. I may hope that the Worshipful the Mayor is in good health," courteously suggests the new comer; adding, however, in a moment, "Now that I look a



THE MAYOR'S VISION OF KNIGHTHOOD.—"RISE, SIR THOMAS SAPSEA!"

certain segment of the critical circle may be disposed to quote the effective axiom: "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

When the lamented death of MR. CHARLES DICKENS occurred, in June, 1870, it is well known that a special pang was added to the general sorrow felt for his loss, in the knowledge that he left unfinished a work which had commanded the widest attention for its opening numbers, and which promised to be one of his most effective and popular books. Very soon thereafter the inquiry came to be made whether the work would not be completed, from materials understood to be in existence, by some capable hand; but that question was almost as quickly answered, by the statement that no such continuation could be made, because there existed no remaining materials whatever.

The truth, meanwhile, as usual, lay between the two suggestions. "Materials" there were few, reckoning only written records or data as coming under that name. But the author, doing what he believed to be his life-work, had not been entirely reticent as to the scope of that work; and hints had been supplied by him, unwittingly, for a much closer estimate of the bearings of those portions remaining unwritten than he could probably have believed while in life.

All these, with many more particulars, laboriously but lovingly procured, have fallen into the hands of the writers of this concluding story, who believe that they are conveying a benefit as well as a pleasure to the world in setting partially at rest the thousands of speculations to which the non-explanation of the "Mystery" has given rise. They have written in the fullest love and admiration of the unfinished original work, as well as of the great novelist who so suddenly laid down his wonderful pen, to the grief of all lands and all time; they have carried out, however feebly, what they have fully traced and identified as the intention of the writer, every intrinsic and extrinsic fact and hint being carefully considered. Thus they make no apology, because they believe themselves to have been really offering homage to a great name in faithfully gathering up materials, and completing, it may be unskillfully, what its bearer left merely a brilliant fragment. That they have failed to sustain the delicate shades of character of the actors in the original story, only to be imparted by the one, or to gem the conversation of those characters with that irresistible oddity of blended wit and pathos for which that one was unequalled in the age or the language—these defects no one can know more profoundly than the writers themselves; and for these they make the only apology connected with the affair: they have done their best.

No close imitation of the style of MR. DICKENS has been attempted, as it would have been, had there been any intention of foisting a pretence upon the public. If something distantly approaching his manner has been frequently assumed, a sufficient explanation will be found in the atmosphere which necessarily surrounded those who have devoted months to the studies indispensable to their task, and in the anxiety naturally felt to make the contrast between the two works as little as possible apparent to the non-critical reader.

Since a large portion of this story was written, a new motive for its completion has been supplied (had one been wanting) in two or three dramatic "continuations" and "conclusions" of the original story, made or commenced by writers in America, where MR. DICKENS is well known to have had a host of readers and admirers. In these, so far as knowledge of them has reached the writers of this concluding story, it is not too much to say that the American entrepreneurs have principally shown the absence of their alleged national characteristic of keenness, by falling into the delicate traps of pretence in plot and action, as fully set, in the earlier portions of "Edwin

any period during the present term of official incumbency, when men have returned once more to the allegiance so often departed from, and when, in at least one of the high places of England, talent and originality hold power.

His Mansion House, and he the Lord Mayor, instead of being merely the Worshipful. Why not? His stereotype imitation of the Dean, once his ideal, has faded and changed more than a little, thinking of this—into a shadowy copy of some magnate of the bench, once seen, or some puissant statesman temporarily flashing across the line of vision. We grow—do we not?—in stature; then it is only fitting that we should grow in self-estimation, in aspiration, and in all those other things which make up the surroundings of "getting on." Why not the Lord Mayor instead of merely the Worshipful?—the indignant question may be asked once more.

alert and vigilant constabulary, to expiate the offence of illegally conveying from barrel to pocket one red herring, value three farthings, or to bide the punishment so certain to fall on the unlawful violators of heads and illegal debruisers of countenances? Yes, why not all this? ruminates Sir Thomas Sapsea, Knt., so created—

But of this latter, anon. Merit does not always receive complete recognition in the first instance, even when there is some approach towards justice; and, the course of amelioration begun, its completion can always be more patiently waited for than can be endured the first tedium of absolute neglect—just as two hours of time following the dawn, and yet preceding the sunrise, seem far less tedious to the watcher than appears one half hour of that thick darkness before the first grey in the east. It may or may not be that the trumpet of fame shall become filled gradually



MR. HONEYTHUNDER AS AN AVENGER.

The blending of private residence and auctioneer's premises, on the High Street, over the door of which the newly-incarnated figure of Time, taking the place of the old, and substituting the hammer for the scythe, daily and hourly cries, "Going! going! gone!" to the hours, and knocks down any lagging minutes straggling along after the main body—that might possibly need certain ameliorations, within and without, before venturing to claim place beside the civic palace of the world's metropolis; but beyond this, what more? That imposing room, but one pair from the street and overlooking it, alternately devoted to valuator conferences and vendatory conflicts innumerable, between the professional talent for inducing belief in the high value of faded carpets and decayed furniture, and the proverbially-stubborn tendency of the British mind to hold all articles once touched by the hand of use as worthless, unless rank has hallowed or celebrity

with the complimentary words successively bestowed upon a certain Epitaph, in which centre the best energies of a not inactive brain, and the fullest results of an experience far from narrow, from the lips of pilgrims from distant lands as well as distant sections. And it may or may not be that some other historical event will chance, like that connected with the return of a banished sovereign and the gathering around him of the chief notables of the honoured city, such as the brown old gabled Nuns' House opposite, once saw, in those days when the right divine was less questioned than now, if not better defined—titles and honours flowing from the momentary contact with royalty in a specially generous mood, and the chief magistrate of the city necessarily first remembered. And, failing this, who can say at what day it may be necessary for Cloisterham, loyal as well as tenacious of privilege, to send up that Address before

second time, may I take the liberty of remarking that His Honour the Mayor is scarcely looking at his best? shows signs of what may I be allowed to call it?—possibly mental fatigue?"

Mr. Sapsea passes his hand over his brow, then runs it upward across the front hair, and ends by sweeping away a little of the bursute encumbrance from the temples, after the manner of one suddenly made aware of the weariness of long mental effort. He is evidently gratified—as this man seems to have the faculty of gratifying him on all occasions, simply by feeding more adulatory oars to the pompous donkey nature, than the average of those thrown in contact with him. It almost seems that he might be covertly a relative of the defunct and much-respected, from the facility with which he subjects his mental vertebrae to the straining curve of the glance directed above its level.

The Mayor, as already said, experiences in cen-

gratification at finding that mental efforts are beginning to tell upon his face, and is thereupon amiable to a degree which might have gone far towards conciliating even the impracticable Durdles.

"Highly pleased to see Mr. Datchery," he says. "I trust that you find your residence in Cloisterham as agreeable as you expected on first taking lodgings. As to mental efforts and fatigue," another stroke of the fat hand over face and hair, and another pretence of sweeping away some annoying anxiety, "as to that, you will recognize, Mr. Datchery, that we who are charged with the public interests, in responsible positions, do not sleep upon beds of roses—that is how I put it—not upon beds of roses: and if sometimes the eye and manner evince fatigue, those cares which none understand except such as bear them, must plead the excuse; as connected with the legal profession by occupancy of the bench, I say again that these must plead the excuse."

"Good heavens!" says Mr. Datchery, as if struck to the heart by the manner of the great man's last remark, "Do I hear aright? Do I hear the Worshipful the Mayor speaking of 'excuses' for that which really covers him with respect? May I beg that His Honour will give me his hand, in evidence that I have not been so painfully misunderstood?"

Mr. Datchery, without taking his eyes off the Mayor's face, commences fumbling for the coveted hand, upon which demonstration the official, his broad meaningless face informed with all the gratified vanity of Justice Shallow, superadded to the astute profundity of Dogberry, holds out the member with impressment, and warmly returns the shake instantly given it.

"No, Mr. Datchery," he says, with profound appreciation of that duty of putting his visitor at ease, devolving on him as both host and superior. "No,—I am pleased to say that I do not misunderstand your remark, which I take to be intended as complimentary, however liable to possible misconception if not analyzed by Mind. We are at times fatigued; such a possibility does exist; and the strongest back—I used that phrase on the bench, only a day or two since—the strongest back, as I put it, can only bear one load at a time."

"So pleased that His Honour the Mayor does not misunderstand me," Mr. Datchery replies, with effusion. "And I am the more anxious that such a misunderstanding should not arise, at the present moment, as I am about to take what may be held an unwarrantable liberty."

It is not too strong a term to say that Mr. Sapsea is alarmed, and that he shows the alarm, unconsciously to himself, and yet as plainly as he has lately shown his swelling self-complacency. About to take a liberty; the phrase is seldom or never a welcome one. What may it not mean? Possibly borrowing of money? Ah, then, how likely the mental hands are to go down to the pockets and button them, even if the physical are restrained by very shame! Tendering of unpalatable advice? What hardening of the heart and sharpening of the will, in advance, to meet that most violent of all assaults upon the liberty of the individual! Revealing of unpleasant facts and letting out of skeletons from dark closets? Then what homicidal wishes, half covered with hollow thanks, and what regrets that in the days of Job some process had not been discovered and put in operation by the patriarch, for the benefit of all his descendants, having the office of exterminating all "comforters" and bearers of untoward news, at the instant when they break silence!

It is not to be supposed that Mr. Sapsea feels or philosophizes all this, in the brief space following the threatening words of Datchery; he would be less a pompous fool, and so less fitted for the straw mayoralty of Cloisterham, had he that capacity. But he recognizes an uncomfortable feeling creeping through the numb skull and the thick outline; and the lips are pursed a little and the full cheeks puffed additionally, immediately thereafter.

"A liberty?—Mr. Datchery—I do not quite understand." He flounders and pauses. Datchery comes in at once with great vigor and readiness.

"The liberty I was about to take with the Worshipful the Mayor," he explains, "is merely to venture upon consulting with him, if he will permit such a term of apparent equality, with reference to one of those very cares of his office, of which mention has just been made."

"Ah!" This interjectory reply of Mr. Sapsea may mean anything or nothing, like the Italian "altro," which sounds all the gamut from satisfaction to despair. It may be relief from a worse fear; it may be surprise at the audacity, not yet declared enough for violent repression; it may be a mild form of tacit permission to the other to go on. Judging from the self-satisfied smirk accompanying the latter may be presumed, and the man of liberties presumes accordingly.

"His Honour the Mayor did me the great courtesy, at my first coming to Cloisterham, to speak of a case of great local interest, not long before occurred."

"Referring," says Mr. Sapsea, with a wave of the hand at once explanatory and magisterial, "to the disappearance and understood murder of the young man Drood. Yes, I remember speaking of the affair to you, in the presence, as I think, of Mr. Jasper. Humph! you are about to ask, I have no doubt, whether anything additional has been discovered; and I am obliged to reply that—as I may have before remarked—mills turn slowly that grind exceedingly fine. That is how I put it—slowly, sir, for fine work. Nothing as yet, because the time has not yet arrived; though there is reason to believe that the investigation has not been conducted without intellect and a certain amount of energy."

"Ha! the Worshipful the Mayor puts it with his usual force and felicity," suggests the visitor. "Only personal presence prevents my pointing out that place in the combination in which intellect reigns: may I be pardoned for adding that I presume at least a part of the energy incarnated in Mr. Jasper, of whom the Worshipful the Mayor also spoke—the man who, if it is possible for a single buffer of careless habits to remember correctly, was mentioned as a man of strong will, and as having the reason of relationship for seeking out the murderer?"

Mr. Sapsea bows. The sentence is a slightly long one, and necessarily a little confusing; but it has the requisite flavour of adulation, and the waves of anxiety on the crewlike thought-ruffled

forehead are placidly smoothed as the dignitary replies:

"Not only very well guessed, Mr. Datchery, but I may say very well turned. Mr. Jasper has energy: it is not for me to deny, any more than to accept, your remark suggesting the presence of intellect."

Mr. Sapsea has bowed, Mr. Datchery followed him in that genuflection, and the *entente cordiale* may be said to have arrived at that position which it often holds in the intercourse of nations—being very warm in spite of being blind and meaningless: possibly because of those characteristics.

But something definite approaches, likely to be as disturbing as definite understandings between the powers so calmly at peace in their ignorance.

Mr. Datchery, with the air of a single buffer, who is not only idle and careless, as he has before proclaimed himself, but also exceedingly indolent, thrusts his hand into his pocket empty, and withdraws it holding a dark brown object of some four inches by two and a half, and possibly an inch in thickness, leathery and damp-looking, with suspicion of spots, and suggestions of dirt.

It is a pocket-wallet of which he loosens the strap, and throws back the folds, holding it out to the Mayor.

"The worshipful the Mayor supposed, very naturally, that I was about to ask some question as to the progress of the Drood mystery. On the contrary, it is my high privilege, as I hold it my duty, to assist His Honour, even in the humblest way, and the most unimportant of particulars, with a single link that may be of eventual use in—may I borrow from His Honour's epigrammatic habit? in forming the fetters of the criminal."

The fat magisterial hand is extended to take the object offered; while the magisterial face assumes an aspect of innate stupidity and want of comprehension, struggling with a pretence of that wisdom understanding all things and impossible to nonplus by the announcement of any new discovery in thought or physics—which would be irresistibly ludicrous if a certain element of the pitiful did not enter into it.

The magisterial eyes, glass-assisted, take in the object handed by Datchery; and at last they take in one peculiarity, at first ignored. Then the lips of wisdom speak again sentimentally.

"Pocket-wallet, dark brown leather, wet, name of E. Drood under the flap. Likely to have been on the body of the unfortunate young man, when murdered by—one whom we will not name. I see in this, Mr. Datchery, if you can fortunately prove before the court that you came into possession of it without taking part in the crime—I see in this, sir, possible means of tracking out the criminal, and of convicting him; that is how I put it, nothing less than tracking out the criminal, and convicting him."

So much in words, Mayor Sapsea. But what mode of expression, appreciable by the mere reader, shall convey the additional and unspoken words involved in air and gesture? As thus, in corroboration of the labouring brow, wave of the fat hand, and throwing back of the shoulders to a distance delightful to His Honour's tailor:—"You have brought to Mind and to Power something; but you have no more idea what, than the slave in one of the Brazilian mines, who picks up an ounce diamond in the rough, and carries it in his pouch as a mere pebble, while he seeks for something of a thousandth part the worth that happens to glitter. Here is the crucible in which the true worth of objects must be determined; here intellect will deal with that which has thus far been only the sport of Accident."

But far is it from the idle, careless, and indolent buffer, who possibly sees all this in the demeanour of his interlocutor, to show any knowledge beyond that conveyed in words. He merely responds, with a wondrous sustaining of his old air of humility, not to say subservience.

"So pleased that the Worshipful the Mayor recognizes at least some worth in the slight link that I have been enabled to supply. Possibly, however, His Honour will be more gratified as well as instructed, when I inform him how this wallet, which undoubtedly was the property of the missing Edwin Drood, and probably on his person at the time when he met with his sad end, came into my possession."

"Humph," responds the Mayor. "It is very well, Mr. Datchery, that you see the necessity. How, sir—that is how I put it, as I must do—when—if called upon to act upon the case, on the Bench—how does it happen that I discover in your hands this article, which I believe—yes, which I may say I am confident, from my past experience, to have been in the possession of the murdered man at the time of the commission of the crime?"

Mr. Datchery is not staggered, as well he might be, at this somewhat forcible adoption of his own words against himself. Possibly he has been quite prepared for this, as for nearly anything else that could occur in that peculiar presence. At all events he is quite as bland and good-humoured as ever, as he accepts the permission, and in his own rambling way gives the story of the wallet.

"I have already had the privilege of telling His Honour the Mayor the fact of my being a single buffer, and an idle one; but I may also tell him that I am an odd one as well, and that I habitually do what others are not much in the habit of doing. Suspicious, in the eyes of the Worshipful? Let me hope not, or at least let me try to remove the impression. My arrangements are simply a little odd, nothing more. For instance, I often employ the fishermen's boats and go fishing up the river, though I am free to say that I do not remember having caught a single fish as yet, since I came to this pleasant town. I do not deny that I have had nibbles, though I may be encroaching on the valuable time of the Worshipful the Mayor, by presuming to mention such a trifle. However, it is to be supposed that the supreme authority desires all the information at my command—not simply a part of it?"

"All, Mr. Datchery—all: that is how I put it in examinations from the Bench—all or nothing. Be good enough to go on, sir!" replies the Mayor, with one of those commanding and benevolent waves of the hand which show him entirely unsuspecting of the narrator's good faith.

"Thanks for the permission"—continuing. "I was about to say, then, that there is an old fisherman, occupying a cabin not far from the Weir, named Crawshe, whom I have several times employed to row me up the river, and help me in indulging my odd humour. He has a poor boy, his son, whom they call Little Crawshe—

helpless from some accident—the falling of a stick of timber, I think, which has broken away some of the cords of the back of the neck, compelling him always to hold one hand under the chin, to keep the head from falling forward on the breast. May I hope that His Honour the Mayor knows anything of Crawshe and his boy? No—of course not: they are not likely to approach such Position. Well, the poor fisherman often asks the privilege of his employers of taking the crippled boy with him in the boat, as a means of amusing him in his inability to share in the rough play of the other boys. Yesterday I went up the river, rowed by Crawshe, and Little Crawshe accompanying. I gave the boy some pence when about to leave the boat, and he took this wallet from his pocket to put them into it. Watching him a little closely, to see how he managed with one hand, I caught the name under the flap, and at once pretended a certain interest in the looks of the article, and bought it from him for a shilling. Inquiring on that point, though I had no doubt on the subject, I learned that neither Little Crawshe nor his father could read a word, so that neither could have had any knowledge of the name on the inside. Inquiring further, in my idle way, I learned that the boy had picked up the wallet on the river bank, very near the Weir, only a day or two before, in such a spot that it would seem impossible that it could long have lain there without attracting attention. I need not ask if His Honour follows me, and if he arrives at the obvious conclusion to be drawn from the latter fact?"

Datchery pauses, as he may well do after so long a story without interruption. At once the Mayor brings to the subject the force of intellect. "Conclusion obvious," he observes, sententiously. "Wallet not long found, criminal been lately along river bank, and dropped it accidentally, after having robbed it of contents. You are quite excusable, Mr. Datchery, as a man without legal training, for not having arrived at such a conclusion, which demands Mind and Experience. But that is how I put it, sir—late dropping of stolen article, late presence of criminal, possible remaining even now in the neighbourhood."

"Reasoned with the well-known acuteness of the Worshipful the Mayor!" exclaims the other, with glee. "May I take the liberty of shaking hands again, in felicitation? Thanks, many. And now may I beg to offer one more suggestion?"

His Honour the Mayor nods loftily but suavely.

"More than once, as the Worshipful the Mayor will remember, the name of Mr. John Jasper has been alluded to, as the person most interested in tracing out the crime. Might I suggest that this wallet should be placed at once in his hands, for his information and encouragement?"

The Mayor seeing no objection, and briefly expressing himself to that effect, Mr. Datchery adds:

"And should I be contravening the wishes of His Honour the Mayor, in requesting the privilege of being present at the exhibition or delivery to Mr. Jasper (whichever His Honour may think proper under the circumstances) of this—this article, as His Honour has well called it, which suddenly assumes a certain interest and value in this case?"

Mr. Sapsea at once retires within himself again to a certain extent; and the pomposity is much more marked as he enquires:

"Humph! I do not understand, Mr. Datchery. Desire to be present at Mr. Jasper's receiving this—this article? I am not to presume that any connection exists, in this affair, between Mr. Jasper and yourself?"

"Certainly not, as the Worshipful the Mayor should be assured at once," replies the man who has again fallen under tacit suspicion; and replies somewhat hurriedly. "Let me implore His Honour not to place me under impressions which I should deprecate, in spite of my high respect for the energetic Mr. Jasper. No; my motive is easily told, and I may hope, not a discreditable one, as appealing to the cultivated intellect which I address. I have the honour to be a student of humanity, though an idle buffer; and I find a singular pleasure, sometimes, in observing the first moments of sensations in minds bent to special objects."

"Ah!" This interjectory comment of the Mayor again conveys relief, if not satisfaction, and the other proceeds:

"Now, venturing to make use of the information kindly imparted by the Worshipful the Mayor, in this permitted interview and others, and assuming all Mr. Jasper's great energies to be worthily bent upon pursuing this concealed though suspected murderer, may I not name, as some slight compensation for the benefit which I have been accidentally enabled to bestow upon the search, the privilege of watching Mr. Jasper's triumphant sensations when this new link of evidence is put into his hands? I take the liberty of asking His Honour the Mayor if this may not be allowed, without derogation to the dignity of his position, and without compromising my own, so much more humble."

Mayor Sapsea is finally conquered, as it would seem. What mere mortal would not be, under corresponding circumstances? however the gods of old might require the rising of additional incense to the divine nostrils. Certainly the idle buffer has smoked the very-wooden god sufficiently, and it is time that some answering blessing should be reached. It comes, in one of Mr. Sapsea's most benevolent and condescending waves of the hand, and in the full accordance of the required permission, which the donor no doubt considers compensation enough for a lifetime of service.

"You may be present at the delivery to Mr. Jasper of the—the article, Mr. Datchery. It may be contrary to legal precedent, sir—and that, when on the Bench and off it, I consider the palladium of English liberty—that is how I put it, in occasional consultation with my learned brothers—the palladium of English liberty. But this shall be waived, Mr. Datchery—this shall be waived," waving the fat hand, meanwhile, as if unconsciously punning on the word. "We will call upon Mr. Jasper, and I will show him the article, and possibly deliver it to him, you being present."

The conference is ended with these words, as conferences must end between the highest of earthly dignitaries and those who are temporarily permitted to approach them on terms of conver-

sational equality. Mr. Sapsea rises from that chair which has for the preceding half-hour been more or less a throne; assumes that hat so marvellously French in the bell of the crown and the curl of the brim, and with which Cloisterham is now quite as well acquainted and almost as loftily, as with the Cathedral tower itself; and the two make their way, the Mayor the least trifle in advance, and Mr. Datchery only putting on his hat at the latest possible moment,—to that interview with Mr. Jasper which is to fortify him with a new prospect of revenge on the murderer of his dear boy.

CHAPTER II.

DURDLES, SCULPTOR; AND HONEYTHUNDER, AVENGER.

DURDLES at work. Impossibilities become possibilities, and falsehoods absolute facts—just as while all the Old philosophers were demonstrating, with a laborious persistency and an equally laborious folly, that no vessel propelled by the steam of a kettle could ever cross the great ocean, and that no needle could ever be induced to carry a thread regularly through any fabric, by blind mechanical power—the New philosophers were quietly perfecting the ocean-steamers and inventing the sewing-machine.

An anomaly, certainly, and yet no less a truth. Durdles, known never to be at work, actually at work—and at work with a will, whatever there might have been, or failed to be, of that judgment which should control the will, and without which it is somewhat more dangerous than indecision.

And Durdles sober. At least so nearly freed from the habitual sottishness of his ordinary life, that if it hung around him like a murky atmosphere it did not envelop him in its close embrace like an impenetrable fog. Grim, stolid, heavy-looking and stone-dusty as ever, there was yet something about the man, just then, elevating him above the wholly-debased and sordid, if it could not lift him into the realm where dwells romantic interest. Perhaps it lifted him even there, in spite of dirt, squalor, ignorance, ill-temper, drunkenness. We are not very expert at measuring personal positions or calculating moral distances—most of us; and Stony Durdles may at some moment be found quite as severe a strain upon the mathematical faculties, as the new planet discovered last month, or the comet that is to flaunt its luminous tail in our view next year.

It has already been said of the Stony One, that fame called him a wonderful workman, while actual observation only saw him doing nothing, with much accompaniment of two-foot rule, dinner-bundle, accepted outlaws, and self-satisfied comments upon himself in the third person. Who knows, meanwhile, but Fame—who must possess wonderful (if never mentioned) ears, to gather up all the intelligence spread abroad in the world through the medium of her trumpeting mouth—may have been wiser than the speakers who saw and heard at a lower level, may even have caught the occasional clink of a hammer and chisel, the use of which brought the dusty old stone-mason within the scope of her duties?

Then, too, Fame may have had an assistant or two, the post of observation being the ordinary level. Who knows but Mr. Tope, the v-erger, so likely to be acquainted with all the minor details of the lives of those with whom he was much thrown in contact—and Mr. Crisparkle, so careful of the grammatical accuracy of Durdles' language when addressing his Reverence the Dean—may have been the means through whom there crept to the outer world of Cloisterham certain indefinite rumours of an ability belied by every appearance and surrounding?

Durdles' den or cave in the city wall was deeper than most people knew—even as possibly so was the solitary tenant, if a modern and not-too-classical secondary use of the word may be permitted. Few persons stumbled over the broken stone and chips of the yard, to enter the precincts at all; still fewer knew that the miserable apartment, which only they saw, had any other outlet than the broken door; and yet fewer dreamed that within that inner apartment was carefully hidden one of the most notable oddities of the century—the "studio" of Durdles the Sculptor!

"Stony Durdles," indeed, and in how different a sense from that in which the ordinary little world of Cloisterham understood it! Durdles the Sculptor. If labouring for immortality, doing so with scarcely more than a clientele of two or three; if for some other end, it may not be easy to number the invisible beings coming into the calculation.

That Mr. Tope knew of the "studio," and yet carefully concealed its existence, who could better tell than himself, remembering the thousand gruff importunities first and last addressed him by the odd human compound, to assist in procuring privately some bit of stone that promised to serve the one great purpose? And that Mr. Crisparkle, the bright, fresh, clear-headed but excessively-human Minor Canon, possessed equal intelligence—what better proof was necessary than his presence at the very moment when the clink of mallet and chisel was being heard in the unsuspected recess?

Durdles the Sculptor—once more. Think twice, careful student of the calculus of probabilities, before adding to the mistakes of human arrogance by declaring such a thing impossible, except in some sense involving the broadly ridiculous. For if we live a dual life in sleeping and in waking hours, so different each from each that scarcely one can recognize the other of those twin-components when meeting on the border of the shadow-land—so surely, too, our powers and our capacities are dual, making the rule of life more strong by forming the exception, and balancing the blemish showing to the eye upon a surface otherwise so brilliant, by some small spark at least to light what otherwise would seem too base and common for the Forming Hand.

(To be continued.)

Genius and Work.—In one of his lectures Ruskin says:—"It is no man's business whether he has genius or not; work he must, whatever he is, but quietly and steadily; and the natural and unforced results of such work will always be the thing God meant him to do, and will be his best. No agonies or heart-rendings will enable him to do any better. If he is a great man they will be great things, but always, if thus peaceably done, good and right; always, if restlessly and ambitiously done, false, hollow, and despicable."

LOVE AND WAR.

He crossed the mountain-paths alone,
Quick-radiant as the tender morn;
He wooed me by the altar-stone,
Where all our vows were sworn.
I heard the lark sing round his nest;
I heard, from love's divine eclipse—
His breast was burning on my breast,
His lips upon my lips.
Full sweet and glorious were his words,
Like bells that ring with marriage glee:
But war leapt out of Hell, and stole
My lord from me.

Wild clarions shook the commonweal;
The legions of the land arose;
They swept like glancing streams of steel,
To smite the nation's foes.
I saw the hosts at early morn
Wind westward in their bearded might;
I heard the giggling bugle-horn
Laugh at the drum's delight:
I held the stirrup for his foot,
The best in that bright company;
One word—one kiss—and then he flashed
Like light from me.

Came one at length with trembling pace,
And fearful speech, and wandering eye;
A thousand deaths were in his face,
And one poor victory.
Another and another came,
With mangled limb and bleeding breast,
Who blew new-kindled fires of fame
Of heroes gone to rest;
Then came the laureled legions home,
To lovers waiting wistfully:
But oh, dear Lord, he never came
To me, poor me!

I know not if I waked or slept
That weary, weary, woeful night;
I only know I never wept—
My eyes were dry as light:
Yet in a trance I seemed to thread
The horrors of the battle-plain;
I found my hero cold and dead
Above the conquered slain:
And then he seemed to be alive;
I clasped him—oh, how tenderly!
'Twas but his ghost that soothed my arms:
God pity me!

ONE FALSE STEP

OR,

THE STRIFE FOR COVETED WEALTH.

CHAPTER VIII.—ENCOURAGING—THE "JAGUAR"—CAPTURED.

CAPTAIN LEON remained at Palm Grove for a week. Almost constantly with Edith, he had taught her to look with pleasure for his coming, and to regret his departure.

Wallace Lansing had not been at Palm Grove since the evening of Leon's arrival, which was quite favorable for the captain. Possibly his conquest—if he had conquered—would not have been so easy, with another competitor in the field. It certainly was an oversight on Lansing's part, but, then, he had other business, as we shall see.

On the morning of the eighth day, Leon announced his intention of going to the city.

"I have but two more days, Miss St. Clair, and there yet is much to do before I sail."

"Mind you are back for the ride this evening," said Edith, playfully; yet she felt really annoyed at the prospect of being alone all day.

"I will not fail," was the reply, as he mounted the horse and galloped down the road.

Palm Grove was about an hour's ride from the city, but Leon cleared the distance in half the time. He rode down to the docks, avoiding the street where he had left Amy, though it was right on his way. Hitching the horse, he entered a shipping office, and inquired for Captain Burgess.

"On board the *Jaguar*," was the reply. "Will come off at noon."

"I think I will go out to him," said Leon. He found a boatman, and engaged him to take him out. A row of half an hour brought him to the vessel. Tossing the boatman a piece of money, he told him to return in one hour. Then he went aboard.

Captain Burgess met him, and they passed along together toward the cabin, Leon meanwhile looking about and commenting on the changes that had been made.

"Who is that man?" asked Leon, pointing to a tall, good-looking seaman standing near the binnacle.

"Dick Bount, a new hand," replied Burgess. "One of our men balked so, I sent him over, and took this one. Whistling Dick, we've named him. A perfect lubber, but just the man we want."

Leon said no more; but he took another look at the man, and wondered where he had seen him before.

Leon was closeted with the captain of the *Jaguar* until the boatman returned, and those who went near enough to the cabin heard loud and angry words passing between them, but could not tell the purport of the conversation. They leaped it all after Leon left.

The boatman was prompt, for it was not every day that he found such a liberal customer, and Leon was soon ashore again.

"Mind you are here to-morrow about the same time," said Leon. "And—no tattling."

"Ay, ay, sir," said the boatman, dropping a gold piece into his pocket.

Leon remounted and rode back to Palm Grove. Willis St. Clair was waiting his arrival, and Leon went direct to his room.

"Well?" said St. Clair.

"All well," replied Leon. "We have only to wait until the morning. I have done my part, and now do yours."

"I have not been idle, captain. Here are the papers that you wanted. See if they are regular."

"Regular enough," said Leon, carelessly

thrusting them into his pocket. "Do not depend on them. I have other means, you know, of proving our contract."

St. Clair winced under the words, but made no reply; and Leon soon went down to join Edith.

"I have a full hand," he chuckled, as he closed the door upon St. Clair. "Does the schemer think I shall be satisfied with half? Fudge! He might look ahead further. If I marry the heiress, I'll have her property. And I will marry her, or—"

He had reached the parlor door, and the sentence was unfinished.

Edith was waiting for him. She knew he had returned, and was impatient at his delay. Did she love this man? She could not have told herself; yet her manner seemed to indicate it; and Leon thought he saw it, when he entered the parlor after his return from the city. In no other way could he account for the pleasure she exhibited on meeting him after so short an absence. Indeed, so certain was he, that, had it not been for spoiling a very pretty little scene, in which he was to take the principal part, that of a much-wronged and very disconsolate lover, he would have then and there—made Edith happy.

"Here I am in time for the ride," said Leon. "But your uncle and myself have planned something better: a visit on the morrow to my little vessel."

"I should be delighted," replied Edith. "I have lived within sight of ships and steamboats all my life, and never yet was aboard of one."

"I fear you will expect too much. But you must make all due allowance, for our cause is yet in its infancy. By-and-by, we will have a navy, and vessels that we shall be proud of."

Edith had fallen into the snare almost too easily to suit the persevering captain. He had calculated quite differently, and the affair was losing half its zest at the very commencement. However, the stakes were high, and there was some attraction in outwitting St. Clair.

There was no occurrence worthy of remark during the ride to the city, unless it was the extreme agitation of Willis St. Clair. He shook as with an ague-chill, and Edith begged him to postpone the visit.

"No, Edith; I shall feel better soon. If I do not, I will wait for you, while the captain shows you over the vessel."

Leon, on the contrary, was never calmer. Young as he was, he could control his feelings, and show a pleasing exterior, when the tumult of passion or hatred was raging within.

St. Clair was no better when they reached the quay, and he decided to remain in the carriage. The boatman was there, true to his appointment.

Leon handed Edith into the boat, following himself, and told the man to shove her off.

"Ay, ay, sir! I'll take you there in a jiffy." Edith half wished she had not come; yet, why she wished so, she could not tell. There was a feeling of insecurity on the water that she had never experienced on land. It might have been fancy, but she really thought the captain's eyes looked strangely. She could not bear to look at them, and she turned away and gazed out over the water.

Meanwhile Leon was rattling away at his small talk, keeping her mind occupied until the boat pulled up beside the *Jaguar*.

"Here we are, Miss St. Clair. Now for a half-hour's look at the little vessel, and then ashore again. Ahoy! This way, Edith. There, now, we are on deck. Now we will pay our respects to Captain Burgess, and he will show us about the vessel."

They passed along to the cabin, where they found Captain Burgess.

He arose as they entered, and bowing coldly, begged them to excuse him one moment. He returned almost immediately, and two seamen were with him.

Leon looked on with well-feigned surprise, and was about to ask the meaning of this strange manner, when Captain Burgess approached, and laying his hand roughly on Leon's shoulder, said sternly:

"Captain Leon Correo, you are my prisoner!"

CHAPTER IX.—AN ELOPEMENT, AND HOW IT GOT ABOARD.

SO SOON as Leon and Edith went away, Willis St. Clair ordered the carriage up-town.

It was an extraordinary chill that shook him, judging from the amount of cordial that was necessary to break it. And the cordial that he took was styled brandy, four glasses of which failed to have the desired effect. He ventured the fifth, and his nerves became quite steady. He became Willis St. Clair again, and ready for business.

Driving about town a while, he ordered the carriage back to the quay. Alighting, he entered the shipping-office, casually remarking, that he was waiting for his niece, who had gone aboard the *Jaguar*.

"The *Jaguar*! Why, she sailed more than an hour ago. Aren't you mistaken in the vessel?"

"No, sir," replied St. Clair. "Aren't you, sir?"

"I know I'm not. Whom did she go with?"

"Captain Correo, a young Cuban."

"I know him by sight," said the clerk; and then he paused, as though waiting some suggestion.

"Perhaps they came ashore while I was up-town," said St. Clair, at last. "I think I will hurry home before I make any more inquiries."

If he had waited a moment, he would have heard something definite, for, just as the carriage drove away, the boatman entered the office, and, as Leon had forgotten to pay him for the last job, he felt that he could "tattle" just a little.

He told the clerk all the circumstances, and between them they worked up a very entertaining elopement case out of the occurrence. It was too good to keep, and when the evening

paper came out, the whole affair was chronicled in a very conspicuous part of the sheet.

When St. Clair returned to Palm Grove, Henry Lansing and Dora were waiting there for Edith. They were somewhat surprised to see her uncle return without her, but he led them to the parlor before he offered any explanation.

"Miss Lansing," began St. Clair, evincing considerable agitation, "I am going to ask you a question, and I want you to answer me to the best of your knowledge. Has Edith ever expressed any preference for Captain Leon Correo? I mean, have you any reason to believe that she regarded him in any other light than an acquaintance—a friend?"

"Why, no, Mr. St. Clair," replied Dora, surprised. "Why do you ask?"

"I feared that she had; or, rather, I feared that she had placed her affections on him. I do not know what to make of it."

"But the trouble? The reasons?" said Henry Lansing.

St. Clair told them of the visit to the *Jaguar*, and that he had trusted Edith with the captain; and then of his return to find that the *Jaguar* had sailed.

"Captain Correo has been, and is an honorable man," he added; "therefore I look upon the affair as an indiscretion that will be all explained in due time, perhaps. I do not even know that Edith did not return from the vessel, but I could find no trace of her. It is quite annoying, and would be more so if the scandal should get abroad. I rely on you, my friends, to help me keep it as it is, until something definite is learned."

If Leon had witnessed this interview, he would have felt quite proud of Willis St. Clair, for that gentleman had done very good acting. He completely blinded the eyes of Henry Lansing and his sister—not very hard to do, by-the-way—and they went home quite shocked, and not a little puzzled.

When the evening paper was brought to St. Clair, almost the first thing that met his eye was the account of an "elopement in high life." It struck St. Clair with surprise, also with satisfaction, though he was at a loss to know how it had all come out.

"Better than I expected," said he, rubbing his hands on his knees, a sure sign that he was pleased; "somebody is playing into my hands, and I think I have plenty of trumps. If the gallant captain does his part, all will go well. But—"

Willis St. Clair was not the only person that felt particularly interested in the little paragraph in the evening paper.

Mrs. Townsend saw it, and the next moment the paper was all ablaze on the hearth.

"If I had only guessed it," she muttered, and for once her eyes flashed angrily; but they soon resumed their mild expression. "Amy must not know it. Better that she should think him dead, than unfaithful. Poor dear child! how she trusts him! Oh, Leon! Did I ever think it would come to this?"

She came in soon after. She always called for the paper, for the little impatient hoped she might see something in it about Leon.

"Mother, where is the paper? Has it come?"

"Come, and gone again," said Mrs. Townsend, trying to smile. "I am so provoked, but I guess the wind blew it into the fire, for I saw it there all ablaze."

We must forgive good Mrs. Townsend. It was nearer a falsehood than anything she had ever spoken before; but she felt justified.

"I am real sorry, Amy; but I looked it over, and there was nothing in it that you would care to read."

"Never mind, mother. But it does seem strange that he does not come back. He was not really strong, and I fear he is sick again."

"Oh, you impatient dear! It has been only a few days. Men have so much to occupy their time. But, Amy, whatever would you do if he never came again? There, now, don't be frightened; but you mourn for him so when he has been gone only little more than a week."

"I don't know, Mrs. Townsend." The voice was pitifully sad. "You don't know how much I think of him."

"We are all liable to die, Amy," said Mrs. Townsend, solemnly. "You, and I, and Leon—everybody. I do not want to alarm you, but to warn you not to put so much dependence on things of this world. I want to teach you to look up to your Heavenly Father, and say, 'Thy will, not mine, be done.'"

Amy made no reply, but sat gazing out of the window. Not looking at the quiet street and its low row of neat cottages. She was looking beyond them—looking into the future.

"What if he should die?"

Tears started from her eyes, and rolled down her cheeks, dropping on the window-sill—drops of anguish.

"Who would love her then?"

She thought of the face that she saw in the street, the day that Leon was taken down with that dreadful fever. She knew that face, and she wondered if he loved her yet—if she could go to him.

From this, her thoughts went back to her childhood's home. There was a dark-haired father, stern, but very kind. There was a fair-haired mother, so gentle and loving, and very beautiful. There was a darling sister, just like herself; and there was a tall brother, so much like the dark-haired father.

There was happiness there, and love. Then came the handsome stranger, with his curly black hair and blacker eyes; with his gentlemanly ways, his soft voice, and tempting words. Home was nothing to her after that. Father, mother, sister, brother, were nothing compared to her love for this man. She listened to his specious words, and took the false step that can never be retraced. If Leon should die, could she go back to that quiet home? She had never thought of it before. If he should die before—No, they would

not take her back. Perhaps Mrs. Townsend would let her stay.

"Mother, if he should die, you would let me stay?"

"Always, dear Amy," replied the good woman, without a thought of hesitation. "You will always be welcome; and for my own sake, Amy, I should wish he would not come back, for I should so hate to have you go away. Selfish, isn't it, Amy?"

She had thrown her arm around Amy, and the pretty blue eyes were looking up to her.

"Do you love me so very much?"

"Like my own child, Amy."

"And I love you. My mother used to talk to me just as you do. Sometimes I think they are wrong not to let me go back; for I loved Leon so very much; and it is only because he has been so very busy. Don't you?"

"Do not worry, Amy. You shall always have a home with me, whatever happens."

Again, why not? Must the one false step shut this trusting little woman from every home? Must she be banished from all purity, all virtue, for this great love, this enduring faith that had been planted in her simple heart? or, rather, should we, like the good Mrs. Townsend, lavish love upon her and keep her near, so that when the awakening does come, she may not take more false steps for want of a guiding hand to point out the way, or lead her from the brink upon which she totters? Which shall it be?

"Mother, who is that man that comes here sometimes? I never can see his face."

"A friend, Amy. But he is away now."

"Perhaps he liked your little Nelly. There, forgive me; I didn't mean to make you cry. But she was so good, that I know she must be happy. Sometimes I think I should like to be there, too."

"It was wrong in me, Amy, to call up such thoughts," said Mrs. Townsend, wiping away the tears that had sprung up at the mention of her lost child.

"Come now, and I'll show you how to make those little cakes you like so well."

"Oh, yes; I want to learn. Leon would like them so. And I want to learn everything else I can. When we get into our own home, I want to be a very nice little wife to Leon. Everything for Leon. Every word, every thought, every act, for her Leon."

NEWS BREVITIES.

MAINE fasted April 13th.

The cholera has broken out in St. Petersburg.

Ohio Penitentiary boarders cost \$16.30 per annum.

A JAPANESE deputation has been cordially received at Florence.

VICTOR HUGO has given in his adhesion to the Paris Communists.

The issue of railroad tickets from Brussels to Paris has been stopped.

A CURIOUS aurora decorated the firmament of New York on the night of April 13th.

The number of persons killed on Ohio's railroads last year was 120; and the number injured, 204.

It is understood that the steamer *Tennessee* will be put out of commission, and her crew distributed on other vessels.

Among the curious articles on exhibition at the French Fair in Boston is the death-warrant of one of the Salem witches.

On the 10th of June, a large party of well-known ladies and gentlemen will sail from this city on a tour around the world.

ELEVEN Japanese merchants have arrived at San Francisco with 130,000 cards of silk-worms' eggs, costing in Japan \$75,000.

The State Fair is to be held in Albany this year, and Rochester is working for a great Western New York Fair in that city next fall.

The latest story about Kossuth is, that he is soiling his sickness and broken constitution by translating Shakespeare into Hungarian.

M. ROCHER, who had been transferred to Arras after his arrest at Boulogne, has been liberated by order of M. Thiers, and is now in Brussels.

The Japanese deputation, so long announced, has arrived and been received by the Minister of Foreign Affairs, who escorted the members to the Chamber to hear the debates.

LEIGH HUNT's autograph MS. of his modernization of Chaucer's "Friar's Tale; or, The Summoner and the Devil," was recently sold at auction in London, and fetched only thirteen dollars.

LATE Minnesota papers say that fears exist at Leech Lake of another Indian raid. The contemplated movement will be made after the maple sugaring is over. Every precaution has been taken.

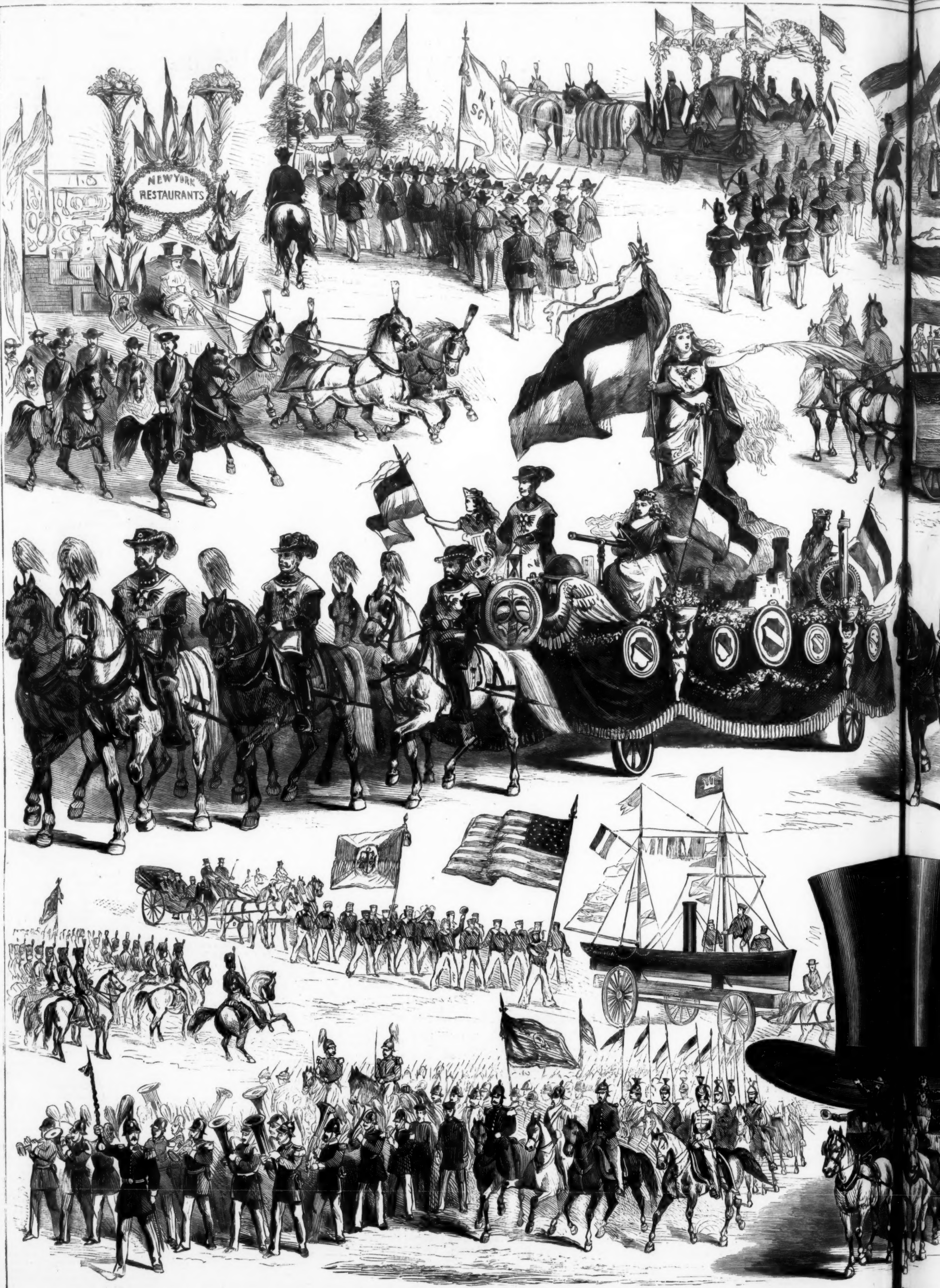
The following vessels were, on the middle of April, moored at the docks in this city: 54 ships, 56,788 tons; 113 barks, 10,512 tons; 96 frigates, 25,439 tons; 196 schooners, and 47 steamers. Total, 566 vessels, 143,345 tons.

On the day of the marriage of the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, press messages of all kinds, amounting to close upon 55,000 words, were forwarded from the central station of the Postal Telegraph Department, in Telegraph street.

A WEALTHY and beautiful German lady, Madame Wehrkamp, triumphantly emerged from a four-ball carom game of billiards, at a hotel in this city, April 11th, her opponent being a skillful billiardist, Mr. Wogram. The lady won easily, wielding the cue with grace and dignity.

SOME of the music performed in the New York churches on Easter Sunday was truly extraordinary. At one sacred edifice, we learn, the orchestra of thirty pieces performed the overtures to "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and "La Caza Ladrada," besides the grand march from "The Prophet," and Signor Belloroso, the eminent basso, sang an aria from "I Lombardi" with fine effect. The service must have been highly impressive and devotional.

The Seventh Regiment ball, last Thursday evening, was the most brilliant affair that has taken place in the Academy of Music this season. The gentlemanly and courteous members of the regiment were indefatigable in their exertions to please their guests. Our thanks are gratefully tendered to Colonel Emmons Clarke, Lieutenant-Colonel Rip, Major Smith, General Grafula, Adjutant Fitzgerald, Quartermaster Weed, and Dr. E. V. R. Lockrow, for their many courtesies.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE GRAND GERMAN JUBILEE. APRIL 10TH—CARNIVAL HELD BY THE GERMANS OF AMERICA, CELEBRATING CITY AND



REVOLUTIONS.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

BEFORE Man parted for this earthly strand,
While yet upon the verge of heaven he stood,
God put a heap of letters in his hand,
And bade him make with them what word he could.

And Man has turn'd them many times: made
GREECE,
ROME, ENGLAND, FRANCE—yes, nor in vain
essay'd
Way after way, changes that never cease.
The letters have combin'd—something was made.

But ah, an inextinguishable sense
Haunts him that he has not made what he should;
That he has still, though old, to recommence,
Since he has not yet found the word God would.

And Empire after Empire, at their height
Of sway, have felt this boding sense come on;
Have felt their huge frames not constructed right,
And droop'd, and slowly died upon their throne.

One day thou say'st there will at last appear
The word, the order, which God meant should be.

Ah, we shall know that well when it comes near;
The band will quit man's heart—he will breathe free.

KANE AND ABEL.

BY COL. JOHN HAY,

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE BREECHES," "JIM BLUDSO," "BANTY TIM," ETC.

(Concluded.)

In the morning, Abel said:
"The fair marquise was a little annoyed at your abrupt departure last night. She said you were driven away by her Harmonious Blacksmith; that you started conscience-stricken as he began to hammer; that we were young in Paris to be watching the clock at that time in the evening—and remarks like that, in the piqued tone of a pretty woman who is accustomed to have men forget their engagements in her presence."

"She will forgive it before next winter."
"But they don't go to-day, as Harding said. They will be here several days yet. We are to dine there, *en famille*, Sunday evening."

The dinner was an exquisite one—only Mr. Brinton and his daughter, the Lennards, Harding, and Cade Marshall. Brinton liked young men, and they listened to his original, shrewd, and profound sermons with delight. The conversation was very vivacious: you will rarely find six people at table with so much to say, and so easy a way of saying it. Dinners in Paris in the summer-time are especially delightful. They have the charm of fruit out of season. Kane sat beside Madame de Bellechasse, who, coquette by instinct, thought it worth while to break a fresh Yankee heart, on her way from Baden to Trouville.

Her mourning dress, which was only a few months old, protected her from the dangers of flirtation, and yet heightened her young beauty so provokingly that it became at once sword and shield. She was witty, and wise, too, beyond the custom of beauties in general. So Kane chatted cheerily enough for an hour or so, while the delicate dishes and the faultless wines succeeded each other; and he thought, as the spirit of perfect content, resulting from a symmetrical dinner, diffused itself over his being, that his lines had fallen in pleasant places. As they rose, and went to the library to coffee, the Silver Blacksmith was banging ten on his precious anvil. The pretty widow turned laughingly to Kane, and said:

"We have you safe enough for this evening. The child of five generations of highly respectable Puritans can have no engagements after this hour of the Sabbath!"

The sound of the clock, the marquise's mocking words, brought the image of Rigolette up before him, fresh, vivid, irresistible. It kindled him more than the wine he had taken. He had not dreamed of going to the Prado that night; but now it seemed that a thousand delicate fancies were wooing him to go. His eyes rested upon the fascinating face before him, but there was no meaning in them. He heard the ripple of her clever, sparkling talk, but answered vaguely and at random. A succession of pictures were passing before him—Rigolette in a tempest of white and blue skirts, whirling furiously through the *can-can*—Rigolette in twilight and tears in the garden! He could hear, ringing on his heart like the tinkling hammer on its argent anvil, her low, tremulous, passionate words. He must not run away first to-night, or he would fall under grave displeasure; so he talked on desperately until Marshall rose to go. Kane said, "I will walk with you!" and made his hasty adieux.

He hurried to the Prado, and found her—gay and sad, wild and pensive—everything that a woman, loved and loving, can be, or seem to be.

When the brothers met at breakfast, neither said anything of the evening before. A faint, intangible cloud of distrust had arisen between them; the absolute oneness of their lives was at an end.

As I have said before, their different tastes attracted them, from the first, in different directions. Abel pursued ardently his historical studies, refreshing and amusing himself with archaeology. He did not see how his brother was gradually falling under the influence of an imperious and irresistible passion. Kane did not see it himself. He thought Rigolette was

a most interesting specimen of a class hitherto unknown to him. He recognized her great charms, but thought he appreciated them aesthetically. He only hesitated for a moment, lest he should make her unhappy. But, with a boy's cynicism, he concluded there was no danger for her; and he could take care of himself. He did not know that weakness is infinitely stronger than strength, if strength is generous. He lay like a drowsy man in a skiff, drifting over sunny waves, through leafy, odorous islands, to plunging terror and death. He thinks whenever he chooses he can lift the oars and gain the shore in a moment. But the breezy river is better than the sultry shore, and the slight danger is pleasantly thrilling. When at last he is dancing on the breakers, and he hears the cataract growling like a wakening lion, it seems useless to row, and, with a heart throbbing with the wild joy of deadly danger, he rises to shoot the fall.

Several weeks after the departure of Mr. Brinton, Abel received from him an invitation to visit them at Trouville. There was a postscript in the handwriting of Marchioness Adèle.

"If your brother will come, we shall be charmed to see him. I have left my impertinent smith in Paris."

"I would rather not go," said Kane. "Thank them for me, and say—anything—that I have friends here I can't well leave."

"You assume, then, that I am to go?"

"Yes—one of us had better, and I don't care to."

Abel went to Trouville. Kane drove to the station with him. As they shook hands in sober American fashion, among the osculating Alphonses and Alexandres, Abel said:

"I wish you were going."

"I wish you weren't," Kane replied.

"If it weren't silly, I would turn back now," said Abel. "I don't think we ought to be much apart. We are something more than brothers, it seems. I will not be away long. It will be rather a bore to write every day, but I will. Don't you fail. God bless you, boy."

"God bless you, old fellow."

Abel rattled away, grieved to leave his brother, until the frank welcome of Brinton, and the gay "Bon jour, mon cousin," of Madame de Bellechasse made him at home in Trouville. Kane, as he drove back to his apartment, half-despised himself for the feeling of liberty that possessed and exhilarated him.

Dreaming and loitering, and utterly happy and content, Abel Lennard passed the warm, caressing days of the falling summer by the sea. On the golden sands, in the fresh tumbling surf, on the shelly beach, in the slanting daylight; and at evening in the thick, luscious shadows of Brinton's spacious garden; each hour came freighted with its quiet joys. He was young and strong, and the weather was fine, and Brinton was better company than anybody, and Adèle's eyes were the fairest that ever were so kind. It was the sweet Indian summer of his youth. Every minute of it is precious as his soul's life. For the storms and the frosts are coming, and then the long, dread days of ice and silence.

One morning, as Brinton, Madame de Bellechasse and Lennard were starting for a drive, a servant brought them a package of letters.

Adèle said, in a rapid, official tone: "I move the rules of common decency be suspended long enough to allow us to read our letters. Those in favor, read their letters. Those opposed, wait till the letters are read before objecting. Carried."

She tossed Lennard a letter, and her father and she divided the rest.

This was Abel's:

"MY DEAR BROTHER: I intend to be married in a few days. If you feel that you can trust my judgment so far as to consent to the marriage, I should be very happy to have you here. If not, I beg you will not come; for I am quite fixed in the matter. I am to marry Mademoiselle Marie Aucaigne, a sewing-girl. You saw her one evening at the Closerie—a pretty creature with blonde hair, who danced opposite us. Harding told us she was married—all *blague*."

"Her life has not been a very happy one; but she is still a mere child, and there is future enough for both of us. I marry her because I love her, as well as I can any one, and I know she loves me. After all, that is about the only thing worth living for."

"I know we Lennards have always been stiffish people in the matter of family pride. Perhaps it won't hurt us to take a recruit or so from the people."

"Dear Abel, trust me in this. If you can't congratulate me, say nothing. You will approve of my choice some day."

"Yours, affectionately, KANE."

The first few lines made him gasp, but he soon righted, read the letter through and put it in his pocket. He sat speechless with grief and anger.

"Quelle horreur!" cried Adèle. "Alice writes that Tom Webster has married his cook."

"Disgusting enough!" said Mr. Brinton. "I had heard of it."

"And then she adds, that she is a very good sort of woman—as if that was any excuse."

"No excuse perhaps, but at least some alleviation. Vulgarly may be reformed in the course of years. I think the only impossible marriage is one with vulgarity and vice. Death is a bad thing—but death is preferable to that."

The word sank into Abel's brain and staid there, and germinated into black and horrible, formless thoughts. He was pale and silent.

"You don't seem well this morning," said Adèle, kindly.

He answered in a husky tone, as of a man who was tired with speaking:

"I am well—but sorry to leave you—my brother needs me in Paris. I must go by the first train to-day."

"You have no time to lose, then," said Brinton, and ordered the coachman to drive home.

They saw he was in trouble, and forbore questioning.

Abel's spirits rose with the rapid motion of the train, as he sped on to Paris. A thousand schemes of escape and relief swarmed through his thoughts. He shut out from his mind the consideration of what he would do if the marriage were consummated. That must not be. That shame and disaster could not be. There had not been a discreditable marriage in the Lennard family in all time. There never should be. He would sacrifice his whole fortune to prevent this. If Kane would not listen to reason, he would buy off the vile creature who had entrapped him, by offering her more money than she ever had heard of. But he hoped to talk Kane out of his madness. He arranged it all neatly in his mind. He would get her out of the way. Then they would go to Italy and the East—and the old love and the old confidence would come back, and this day would only be remembered as a bad dream. He crushed his shame and fear under his feet, as the train went ringing and clattering on to Paris.

He arrived late in the afternoon, and hastened to the Rue des Ecoles. His ring was answered by—Schnitzberg! In black coat and white neckcloth, rigidly respectable.

"What are you doing here?" said Abel.

"He? He was the valet of Mr. Lennard."

"And where is Mr. Lennard?"

He had gone out with Madame.

Abel stifled a mad impulse to strangle the little Jew. Perhaps it was not so bad as it seemed. He would see if Harding knew anything about it. He drove to the Champs-Élysées.

Harding knew all about it. Kane was married three days ago, at the American Legation. There was no one present but the Minister and the Rev. Dr. Lambson, who married them. Harding had learned of it through the parson, who was in a state of red hot enthusiasm over the bride's beauty.

"You told us she was 'Schnitzberg's wife,'" said Lennard.

"She was Madame Schnitzberg on the other side of the river. I did not say the Mayor had anything to do with it. But I beg pardon, Lennard; I can't talk with you about your—"

"Don't say that word, Harding!" Abel growled, in a dangerous tone. "Schnitzberg is there as Kane's valet. Did you know that?"

"Not possible! You must kick him out. My dear fellow, the thing is done now. It is absurdly melancholy. It rests with you that it shall not be too scandalous. You had better get Kane out of Paris. You may command me in everything."

"Thank you! People won't laugh about it long."

"You look very ill, Lennard. I know a good doctor in your quarter, if you need one." He was fumbling in his pockets for an address. Abel rose to go. "Here, you will find his name and address on this prescription, which I don't want."

Abel took the scrap of paper mechanically and held it clinched in his hand. As he walked downstairs, stumbling like a drunken man, Harding eyed him closely, then went to the window, saw him hail an open cab, and drive off into the dusk of twilight.

"I will go over there this evening," he thought. "Abel is badly cut up. I am sorry I did not make him talk more. A little profane language would have relieved him."

Abel ordered his driver to take him by the Boulevard to the Place de la Bastille. He felt vaguely that he was not ready to meet his brother, that it might be better to wait an hour. He did not know his own purposes. He was dimly conscious there was something awful in the future: he wanted to keep it at arm's-length while he rode in the cool air, and exhausted his invention in expedients. But he could not follow out for a minute a connected train of thought. A gust of passion and shame would scatter every plan to the winds before it was half arranged. The whole line of the Lennards, it seemed to him, was blighted and cursed. The past and future tarnished. As he passed by the Grand Hotel he drew his traveling *toque* over his eyes, and sunk back into the carriage out of sight, red with shame. He could see in the future nothing but ignominy and misery. Kane could not live abroad with this woman—all Europe knew her. He could not take her home among the pure and formal Kanes and Lennards. What then? Shocked at himself and fearful of his own thoughts, he burst into tears and prayed God to save him.

There are crises of morbid excitement where all the powers of the mind resume a kind of insane calmness and quiet, as of a stormy sea beaten flat by rain. The mind works clearly and actively, but abnormally. On false premises, it goes pitilessly straight to wrong conclusions. The conscience is silent, seemingly stricken dumb with terror.

Abel drew near the Place de la Bastille. He was confessing to himself that the disaster was irreparable; that nothing but murder could cut the complication; that this would simply aggravate the matter, infinitely increase the scandal, destroy both brothers and parents. In short it was not practicable: *if it were*—he clinched his hand anew; he felt for the paper Harding had given him. He had forgotten what it was.

"Where shall I drive?" said the *cocher*.

"To a lamp."

He looked at the paper. It was simply an order for a vial of laudanum, which cannot be sold in Paris except by the prescription of a respectable physician. Harding had asked his doctor for it some days before, and had not used it.

His heart leaped wildly as he recognized the characters scrawled on the crumpled paper. With the rapidity of fever his mind dashed over the whole array of circumstances, and the vague and terrible fancy that had haunted him for an hour was instantly fixed into a definite

plan for the rescue of his brother and the punishment of the Jew and the grisette.

"Schnitzberg has loved the girl—may be presumed to be jealous—every link of circumstance is perfect—and if there is any doubt, his Hebrew nose will convict him," he muttered, smiling grimly. In his mad eagerness to reach his object, these two lives seemed to him like cobwebs, to be brushed away. He gave the driver double fare and told him to drive—*ventre à terre* to the Rue des Ecoles. He felt as calm as a New England Sunday.

He found Schnitzberg at the door, who insisted on announcing him. There was a rustle of silk drapery, but when he entered, Kane was alone. They shook hands cordially.

"Where is your wife?" said Abel.

"She ran away when she heard you. The poor child was a little dubious of you. Let me call her back."

"Wait a moment. May I send your servant out for some cough lozenges? I am a little hoarse."

"Of course," Abel stepped into the ante-chamber and asked the Jew to go as quickly as possible to a drug store and buy a package of lozenges, and also the prescription which he gave him. Re-entering the *salon*, he was astonished to find himself very weak—scarcely able to stand.

"You look ill!" said Kane, anxiously.

"Give me some brandy!"

A liqueur-case was standing near. Abel drank two or three small glasses. Kane waited nervously for him to begin. At last, he looked up, and, seeing Kane's questioning eyes, said, with a smile:

"It is not worth while to talk about it. You know best what is good for you. We are all the world to each other, and we must not quarrel!"

Kane grasped his hands, and said:

"That's sensible, old fellow! You know you would not have consented, if I had not stolen a march on you. But she is the prettiest and sweetest and best—and the enamored boy went on raving, in his happy honeymoon way, until his brother half melted. He thought, as Kane rattled on, what a fresh, frank child he was, so loving and true—what a hearty, brave schoolboy, quick and merry; he could feel his chubby arms around his neck, as if they were children together again, coming home from school through the shady lanes. He could smell the very apple-blossoms of the old times. The tears gushed to his eyes, for the second time to-night. Kane stopped his gay, hopeful talk with a look of pain.

"Never mind me," said Abel; "I am glad you are happy. I want this to be the happiest evening of your life. I feel that you are not altogether misadvised any more, and am a little jealous, I suppose. What are your plans?"

"We want your advice about that. I had thought of going home as soon as Marie learns a little English. She is very quick, and with both of us here, will pick it up rapidly. You will be delighted with her—and again he went into lovelike superlatives about his idol, which Abel heard, but did not heed. He had begun to listen for Schnitzberg.

He asked his brother how the Jew came there.

"You remember, Harding said he was a hatter, and Marie's husband. He was as much one as the other. He was a valet out of place, and I took him at Marie's intercession. He seems devoted to her."

Abel was ready to die with pity for this noble, generous, trusting heart. Then he was possessed of a bitter, revengeful hate of the unworthy pair who, he thought, were plundering, after dishonoring, his brother.

"One crime—one punishment!" he said to himself, sternly.

His face grew rigid and hard.

He heard the outer door open, and went out. Schnitzberg gave him the packages. He put them in his pocket, first loosening the cork of the phial. Coming back, he asked Kane if he had some Burgundy.

"Yes, some has just come, that is called 'Forty-eight.'"

Schnitzberg gave them a bottle and two glasses.

"Give us three!" said Abel.

Kane's face grew radiant.

"You are the prince of good fellows, Abel!" he said, as the Jew filled the glasses. "Shall I call her now?"

"Yes."

Kane went into the adjoining room. Abel took up the glass first filled, and walked to the large lamp by the wall, as if to examine the color of the wine. He came back, and replaced the glass on the table. He handed the empty phial to Schnitzberg, saying:

"Take that out!"

The Jew did not look at it, but put it hurriedly in his pocket, as Kane and his wife appeared at that instant. There was not in all Paris a more charming and gentle-looking bride. Abel almost forgot his imminent vengeance, as she ran up and kissed him.

"It was so sweet of you to forgive us?" she said, all smiles and blushes.

Abel hardened his heart, and thought, "My brother is worth saving."

Schnitzberg went to the table, and began arranging the glasses on a waiter.

"Leave that to me!" said Abel, sharply.

He took up two glasses hastily. He gave one to Rigolette and one to Kane; then, raising his own, he said:

"Bumpers to the Bride, and Welcome Home!"

All honored the toast duly. Kane made a wry face, and said:

"If that is the vintage of 1848, some of the bad blood they spilled that year must have gotten into the grapes!"

Abel burst into a wild shout of laughter, utterly disproportioned to so quiet a pleasantry. The others looked at him with surprise. He was of a ghastly pallor. Overcome by a sudden drowsiness, Kane dropped into a chair. Abel

rushed forward, seized him, and raised him to his feet. He shouted hoarsely:

"Wake up! Look at me! Forgive me!"

The dark eyes opened—a gleam of quick intelligence flashed over the beautiful face. Hushing himself by an unutterable effort, he kissed Abel with an expression of divine compassion, and the twins fell, one inert mass, to the floor.

Blair Harding found them there an hour later—Kane quite dead, Abel in a deathlike swoon. Rigollette and the valet had fled in wild horror from the house, Schnitzberg snatching up as he went, to cover his full dress, a paletot of Kane's, in which he had left his portemonnaie. They were arrested a few hours afterward. The case was clear to any unprejudiced mind. But no French jury could sentence so pretty a head to divorce from such perfect shoulders, so Rigollette got extenuating circumstances. Schnitzberg paid the penalty of being ugly and a true lover. His attempt to fasten the crime upon the distracted brother of the victim caused a shudder of horror and indignation. And good-natured Paris had forgotten all about it (as Harding and Cade Marshall had kept the names of the parties out of the journals) by the time Abel Lennard lifted his thin, transparent eyelids from their sleep of feverish madness, and came back to this desolate world again.

PEACE JUBILEE OF THE GERMAN.

On Monday, April 10th, occurred one of the most imposing demonstrations ever made in New York city, in celebration of peace and the fusion of the German States into a powerful Empire. From Harlem to the Battery, from river to river, the American and German flags waved in warm companionship—while festoons of evergreens and flowers, and bands of red, white, blue and black, were gathered about windows, stoops, and the roofs of private and public buildings. The German newspapers led in the bright display, and their English contemporaries fumbled their banners in hearty appreciation of the fruits of peace.

At the Germania Assembly Rooms was a costly display. Upon the roof-cornice were three female figures, seven feet in height, handsomely robed in silk. The centre represented Germania draped in the national colors, with the double-headed eagle embroidered over her heart, a sheathed sword at her side, her right hand pointed upward. Columbia, in American colors, stood at her right, while Helvetia was at the left. Below this was an immense transparency with a finished allegorical painting of Apollo. The Germania Bank was covered with flags and streamers, the American and Prussian colors predominating. The Arion Society Hall was also profusely decorated. Evergreen garlands and bunting in festoons were conspicuously and tastefully arranged. The Liederkranz Hall, on Fourth street, was beautifully decorated in a similar manner. An extensive transparency in the centre of the building represented Germania, the nation of the Empire, receiving home the States of Alsace and Lorraine, depicted in smaller figures. The Club-house was elegantly decked—almost hidden—behind the many flags. Portraits of the Kaiser, the Crown-Prince, Bismarck and Von Moltke were displayed. Evergreens, flowers and other ornaments abounded. The Germania Savings Bank was a fluttering illusion of flags and evergreens, beautifully arranged. At Krutina's Hall was a fine display of flags, with a large transparency representing the Angel of Peace holding aloft the Prussian colors and distributing laurel wreaths to the victorious warriors. Concordia Hall, on Avenue B, was an elegant elaboration. A mammoth figure of Germania occupied the centre; from this the colors of the United States, Germany, and Great Britain diverged, while from the roof floated a series of signal-flags, which denoted the name "Daniel Webster," to those versed in maritime signals. The intervening spaces were filled with choice evergreens. Beethoven Hall was beautifully decorated. A large transparency covered the front of the building, divided into three panels; in the centre Germania was represented, clad in mail, with sword and shield, standing erect in a war chariot, waving on the German Army; on the right was a spirited battle scene, contrasted on the left with a peaceful rural picture, a field of waving grain, with the husbandman and family garnering the harvest. Patriotic mottoes explained the representation. Along Second avenue there were many beautiful displays, especially near St. Mark's Place. In Broadway there were also beautiful decorations of various kinds. The artists spared neither time nor talent in the transparencies, which were very beautiful allegorical pieces, while some buildings were literally hidden in a forest of flags, drapery and garlands. The portraits of the Kaiser Wilhelm, Bismarck and Von Moltke were the nearest allusions which were given to the strife in France, and there was neither motto nor emblem which in itself celebrated any of the victories which had been gained by the Germans over their French foes.

THE PROCESSION

consisted of twelve divisions, the whole under command of General Franz Sigel.

The First was wholly military, under General John C. Bendix as Division Marshal. In this were the Third Regiment, cavalry; Fifth Regiment, infantry, in gorgeous new uniforms; Sixth and Eleventh Regiments, infantry; battalions from the Fifty-fifth and the First Regiments, the Ninety-sixth Regiment, Batteries B and K of artillery, the escort of the Fest Marshal, consisting of independent cavalry, the Fest Marshal, General Sigel and his adjutant. Colonel Budke's Third Cavalry, N. Y. S. G., comprising eight companies, numbering in all upward of 300 men, appeared for the first time in the uniform of Prince Frederick Karl's cavalry—dark blue fatigue dress, trimmed with yellow cord,

bear-skin hats, with a red fez hanging from the crown, ending in a yellow tassel and yellow plumes. They were all well mounted, and presented a fine appearance.

The Second Division consisted of the United Singers, Hoboken and Brooklyn riding-schools, officers of German societies in carriages, and thirty clubs. The bands of music were numerous and excellent in this division, the men marched well, and the horses appeared in fine condition, and were carefully selected for beauty and training. The Liederkranz formed in this section.

The Third Division was headed by the Fest Car, which was a beautifully decorated piece of work, reflecting great credit upon the skill and ingenuity of the inventor. Upon the car was a representation of the Watch on the Rhine, impersonated by a lady with attendants. Members of the Fest Committee then followed in coaches, and after these came seventeen clubs, the Beethoven Maennerchor and thirteen clubs. In this division were the Schuetzen Corps.

In the Fourth Division were the Turner Society, veterans, and other corporations. New York Turner Society, the German Patriots of 1848-49, wagon with invalids and the veterans of New York, wagon with invalids.

The Fifth was the Brooklyn Division, and consisted of Horse Guards, Rifle Corps, Odd Fellows, and other societies.

The Sixth Division was devoted to the Brewers' and Trades' Associations, and was very finely arranged. The wagons were beautifully decorated, in most cases with evergreens, and the coopers were hard at work. King Gambrinus and his attendants appeared in full state. Malt in sacks, hops in bales, and lager-bier kegs were displayed in profusion. There were two wagons with German and American hops; a complete brewery in full operation, with brevmaster and brewer; four wagons with small casks; two wagons with cooperage; three wagons with boys and girls; eleven wagons, members of the Brewers' and Coopers' Mutual Protective Association.

The Seventh Division embraced organizations of the Sixteenth and Twentieth Wards; Sixteenth Ward Peace Union, 1,600 men; one wagon (decorated), Germany United; Citizens' Division, one wagon, the German Schools; Citizens' Division, one wagon containing baker's oven, one with smith's workshop, one with shoemaker's workshop, one with butcher's stall; one wagon with safe manufactory.

The Eighth Division consisted of the Citizens' Horse Guard; Citizens' Organization, with banner; decorated wagon, representing Progress; Fourth Ward Citizens' Organization, with wagon decorated; and others.

In the Ninth Division were the Order of Sons of Herman, Marshal of Subdivision, Kraemer, fifty-four lodges, in all 4,000 men strong; Order of the Sons of Freedom, fifty lodges, in all 2,500 men strong; German Order of Harugarie, thirty-nine lodges, in all 1,500 men strong; Independent Order of Red Men, 1,500 strong; Independent Order of the Seven Wise Men, 700 strong; Teutonia Lodge, No. 14, I. O. O. F.; Minerva Lodge, O. M.; Good Fellows, four lodges, 400 strong.

The Tenth Division consisted of Division Social Reformers and benefit societies.

The Eleventh Division was devoted to the butchers, who appeared in wagons, on foot and on horseback, and presented a very handsome appearance.

In the Twelfth Division, the German Bakers of New York, a decorated wagon; New York Confectioners; United Upholsterers and Cabinet-makers; German Machinists; Metropolitan Cigar Manufactory; New York Cigar-packers, distributing cigars; one wagon with girls mounted on hobby-horses; one decorated wagon with ten girls making and distributing artificial flowers; one wagon representing a "working," escorted by 500 miners; the German Shoemakers' Union; the American Cigar Mold and Manufacturing Company; the German Lace-makers; Stone-dressers' Association; Painters' Union; wagons with soda-water apparatus; ice-wagon; wagon containing New York Basket-makers. This Division and the procession was brought up by a cavalry troop.

The Beethoven Maennerchor paraded with a large car, on which was a colossal bust of Beethoven. This created universal applause.

Another novel feature was the parade of about one hundred Landwehr men, who were headed by a Prussian Division-General in full uniform, accompanied by a Lieutenant of Hussars in full uniform.

A beautiful personification of Emperor William and Our Fritz, surrounded by twelve Garde Corps men (the Body Guard), and followed by uhlans, hussars, pioneers, and artillery officers in full uniform, was surrounded by the Jersey City Schuetzen Corps.

THE GRAND REVIEW

took place in City Hall Park. Governor Hoffman and Mayor Hall, with their staffs and advisers, bowed their acknowledgments to the immense throng as it passed slowly from Chatham street across the park to Broadway. Nearly four hours were consumed by the procession in passing a given point, and the number of participants has been variously estimated, some authorities placing it as high as 100,000.

The outpouring of spectators was almost unprecedented. Broadway was, particularly, crowded. Barricades of wagons and packing-boxes, at the intersections of other streets, had been hastily formed, and were determinedly stormed by ladies, long before the head of the procession was seen, and valiantly held until the last man had shouted his huzzas of joy.

At Tompkins Square the different organizations separated, some joining the multitude around the speakers' stands, and others wending their way wearily homeward.

THE ADDRESSES.

In the centre of Tompkins Square an immense platform had been built in the form of a

fort with octagonal. In the centre of a raised dais was an immense staff, from which floated the German flag, surmounted by an eagle. Fifty smaller staves rose from the sides, supporting flags, Chinese lanterns, and society emblems. The poles were wreathed with evergreen, and festoons of the same material hung from the centre to the smaller staves. Four staircases led to the platform, which was capable of holding several thousand persons. The sides were draped with Prussian bunting, and the whole structure presented a brilliant appearance.

At half-past four o'clock the outer gates were thrown open, and the immense square was instantly crowded with thousands of people gathering in dense masses. The musicians, on arriving, left their respective corps and assembled on the speakers' platform. The united vocalists at the same time gathered upon the raised dais in the centre, to the number of 2,000. At five o'clock, at a signal from Dr. Heiderfeld, the meeting was opened by the singing by the united vocalists, under the leadership of Messrs. Pauer and Kruger, of Luther's Hymn, "Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott." All of the spectators on the platform, and the larger part of the audience below, heard this Anthem of the Reformation with uncovered heads, many of them joining in its solemn strains. Then followed addresses at each of the octagons by the Presidents of the four "Tribunes" and the invited speakers. Only one of the leading addresses was in English, that of William Cullen Bryant, who was received, with hearty applause. The rendition by the chorus of the "Wacht am Rhein" succeeded the first series of speeches, and an orchestral performance—the Coronation March—by the musicians, followed the second series. In the evening there were performances at the Stadt Theatre, and musical exercises in nearly all the society rooms.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our largest engraving gives a good view of the principal devices which made up the pageant. Near the middle is drawn the female figure emblematic of "The Watch on the Rhine," charioted in state, and surrounded by allegorical attendants. Above her, in the upper left angle of the composition, are seen the marshals of the parade, introducing the "kitchen on wheels," got up by the restaurateurs. Next go the New York Schuetzen, in uniform, surrounding a wagon full of game. Next march the miners, surrounding the emblems of a "working," contributed by the Newark Melting and Refining Works. Then, filling up the upper line of the composition, the butchers and bakers. Beneath the stuffed ox of the butchers is seen the ivory-workers' car, with its wealth of tusks, followed by a small living elephant. Beneath that, again, and half-way down the page, comes the great bust of Beethoven, contributed by the Maennerchor, drawn by a splendid postillion-ridden train of steeds; at its right, a cask of Rhine wine, emulating, in its portly majesty, the tun of Heidelberg. Beneath, on the lowest line, is shown the demonstration of the florists, surrounded by mounted soldiers, in the uniform of the German Imperial Corps d'Elite. Then, in the middle, the colossal hat, representing that crown of Charlemagne under which all Germany is now united. The lower left-hand corner is occupied by the regiments of German Militia, a group of hussars, and the emblematic ship sent by the Hamburg-American Steamship Line.

On our first page is depicted the choral ceremony at Tompkins Square, above described. Above it are one or two trophies of the display secured by our ambulant photographer. Occupying a full-page is the review at City Hall, at the moment when King Gambrinus, the noble tutelary Brewer of Brabant, is passing with his Bacchantes.

THE ROYAL WEDDING.

The marriage of H. R. H. Princess Louise to the Marquis of Lorne, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, on the 21st of March last, was a more than usually notable event. The relative positions of the distinguished couple, the determination of the Queen to let love, and not a mere matter of policy, prove the feature of her daughter's marriage, and the trespass on the solemnities of Lent by a scene of so much gaiety and joy, might well excite wonder in the realms of royalty.

After all the invited guests had assembled, and a portion of the military taken designated positions, the appearance of the chapel was very beautiful.

The Queen remained standing beside the bride during the marriage service, as did also the Prince of Wales and the others.

In front of the altar the bride stood on the left and the bridegroom on the right. Behind these, on the left, were her Majesty, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg; and on the right, Lord Ronald Leveson-Gower and Earl Percy, the best men of Lord Lorne. The bridesmaids were stationed between these groups, supporting the train. The Lord Chamberlain and Vice-Chamberlain and the rest of the distinguished company formed two semi-circles behind. To the left were the Princess of Wales, the Count of Flanders, Princess Christian, Princess Beatrice, the Duchess of Cambridge, Prince Arthur, Prince Leopold, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Christian, Princess Teck and Prince Teck. On the right stood the Duchess of Argyll, the Duke of Argyll, the Dowager Duchess, Lord A. Campbell, Lady A. Campbell, Lord C. Campbell, Countess Percy, the Maharajah and Maharanee Dhuleep Singh, and Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar. On the left, in the choir stalls and seats of the Knights of the Garter, were the Ambassadors and Ministers: The Turkish Ambassador, his Excellency Musurus Pasha; the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, Count Apponyi; the Russian Ambassador, Baron de Brunnow; the German Am-

bassador, Count Bernstorff; the French Ambassador, the Duke de Broglie; the Danish Minister, General de Bulow; the Belgian Minister, Baron de Beaulieu; and the Portuguese Minister, the Duke de Saldanha.

The Bishop of London read the earlier part of the service, and the Bishop of Oxford read the Scriptural exhortation in lieu of sermon. The choristers sang the two marriage psalms ("Double Chant in A") and the Hallelujah Chorus, by Beethoven, from the "Mount of Olives."

At the conclusion of the ceremony one of Handel's marches was played on the organ, and a royal salute was fired in the Long Walk.

Immediately after the blessing, the Queen extended her hand to her new son-in-law, who, bowing deeply, kissed it; and her Majesty having exchanged similar recognitions with the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, as well as with the members of her own family, the party broke up.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

A DAUGHTER was born to Ole Bull in West Lebanon, Me., some three weeks ago.

THE EMPRESS of Austria is very sick at Meran, in the Tyrol. She is said to be in the last stages of consumption.

M. FETIS, the well-known writer on music, and director of the Brussels Conservatory, died in Brussels on March 25th.

A BOSTON paper is authority for the story that John G. Whittier never composed a stanza without bringing on an attack of neuralgia.

GEORGE H. OSBORNE, first mate, washed overboard from the schooner *Hero*, now at Halifax, is supposed to have been the missing Earl of Aberdeen.

BARON DUDEVANT, the husband of Madame George Sand, died at Barbaste, in the department of the Lot-et-Garonne, on the 8th ult. He was seventy-six years old.

GENERAL MOLTKE was beaten at the recent elections in seven out of the eight districts in which he was a candidate of the Conservatives for the German Parliament.

EX-GOVERNOR CHAMBERLAIN, of Maine, has been offered the Presidency of the University of Vermont, in place of President Angell, who goes to the University of Michigan.

ANDREAS THAKOS, for twenty years a noted brigand of Greece, has retired from his calling, rich, and taken up his residence in Naples, to enjoy the fruits of his honest industry.

WILMINGTON, Del., must be a lonely and deserted village. The name of John Smith does not appear once in its Directory, and yet there are 15,000 or more inhabitants in the place.

THE effort in the West to raise money for a monument to General William Henry Harrison, at North Bend, his old family residence, is, we are sorry to learn, likely to prove a failure.

QUEEN VICTORIA has conferred the honor of knighthood on three musical composers—Stern-dale Bennett, Jules Benedict, and Dr. George Elvey, the composer of cathedral music.

PRINCE CHARLES of Roumania is declared to be in such perpetual dread of assassination, that he never lies down to sleep without stationing half a dozen guards in his bedchamber.

THE small portion of New Orleans which doesn't belong to Mrs. Calmes, is now claimed by the heirs of one Madame Delibizaire, a creole Anneke Jans, who died a century or so ago.

YOUNG Prince Alexander, of Russia, is expected to arrive here in June, and the Russian Minister is naturally anxious that his reception should equal that of Prince Arthur of England.

THE old woman who has been the custodian of Blarney Castle for forty years, and who will be remembered by tourists in Ireland as ludicrously irritable, is reported to have died lately, aged seventy-five.

It is stated that the Hon. Archibald C. Powell, of Syracuse, has been engaged by the Austrian Government to remove the obstructions from the Danube, and has gone to Vienna to undertake the task.

MESDAMES OLYMPE EDOUARD and Louise Collet have been for some time preparing to publish a new daily in Paris, to be called *La Gazette des Femmes*, and will issue it as soon as order is restored to the distracted capital.

BRENTANO's handsome establishment on Union Square is brimming over with books and plays and magazines and brochures and essays and newspapers and caricatures—foreign, local, many-tongued, and universal—and is the resort of all the literati of the city. It is a model book-store, and the blithe Brentano, Emperor of Emporiums, and his polite assistants, spread the literary feast, daily, for countless guests.

SCENES IN THE COAL REGIONS.

THE initial picture in our series of views illustrating the coal-mines of Pennsylvania, and the troubles prevailing there, represented a party of miners who were content to work for the customary salary passing between lines of disaffected ones, who were strongly inclined to provoke open conflict. At that time the most serious phase of the excitement had not transpired. The feeling of bitterness was allowed a free current, and shortly after broke out in a dangerous form. On the night of April 6th, a riot occurred at Scranton, at the mine known as the Tripp Slope, opposite the riding park.

An organized band, consisting of Irish, Welsh, and English miners, belonging to the Workingmen's Benevolent Association, congregated about the slope with the avowed intention of preventing the mine from being worked. When the seven or eight men left work a hostile demonstration was made upon them by the rioters, in which clubs and pistols were freely used. Several of the miners were severely beaten, and one of the assailants was shot in the hip. Late at night, the rioters proceeded to a small opening on the road between Hyde Park and Providence, entered the mine, tore up the track, blew up the cars, and did so much damage that the works were effectually stopped. On the following morning, the exasperated miners, augmented in numbers, and strengthened by the successes of the preceding day, made another demonstration at the Tripp Slope, and prevented the men who wished to work from entering the mine. Mayor Morris appeared upon the spot, and endeavored to per-



SCENES IN THE COAL REGIONS.—RIOTS NEAR SCRANTON, PA.—THE AFFAIR OF APRIL 6TH AT TRIPP'S SLOPE—RIOTERS STONING THE WORKING BOSSES, WHO DREW UP THE COAL DURING THE INTIMIDATION OF THE OPERATIVES.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. BECKER.

suade the men to maintain order and retire to their homes. He was utterly powerless in his efforts; but upon a promise that the slope should not be worked, the leaders guaranteed that the men who had been employed in the works should not be molested. Relying upon this guarantee, the men started for their homes,

but had got but a few steps from the "head house" of the slope before they were set upon by the crowd, and barely escaped with their lives.

Our illustration pictures an incident of this disturbance, that is highly suggestive of consummate lawlessness. On April 6th the mouth of

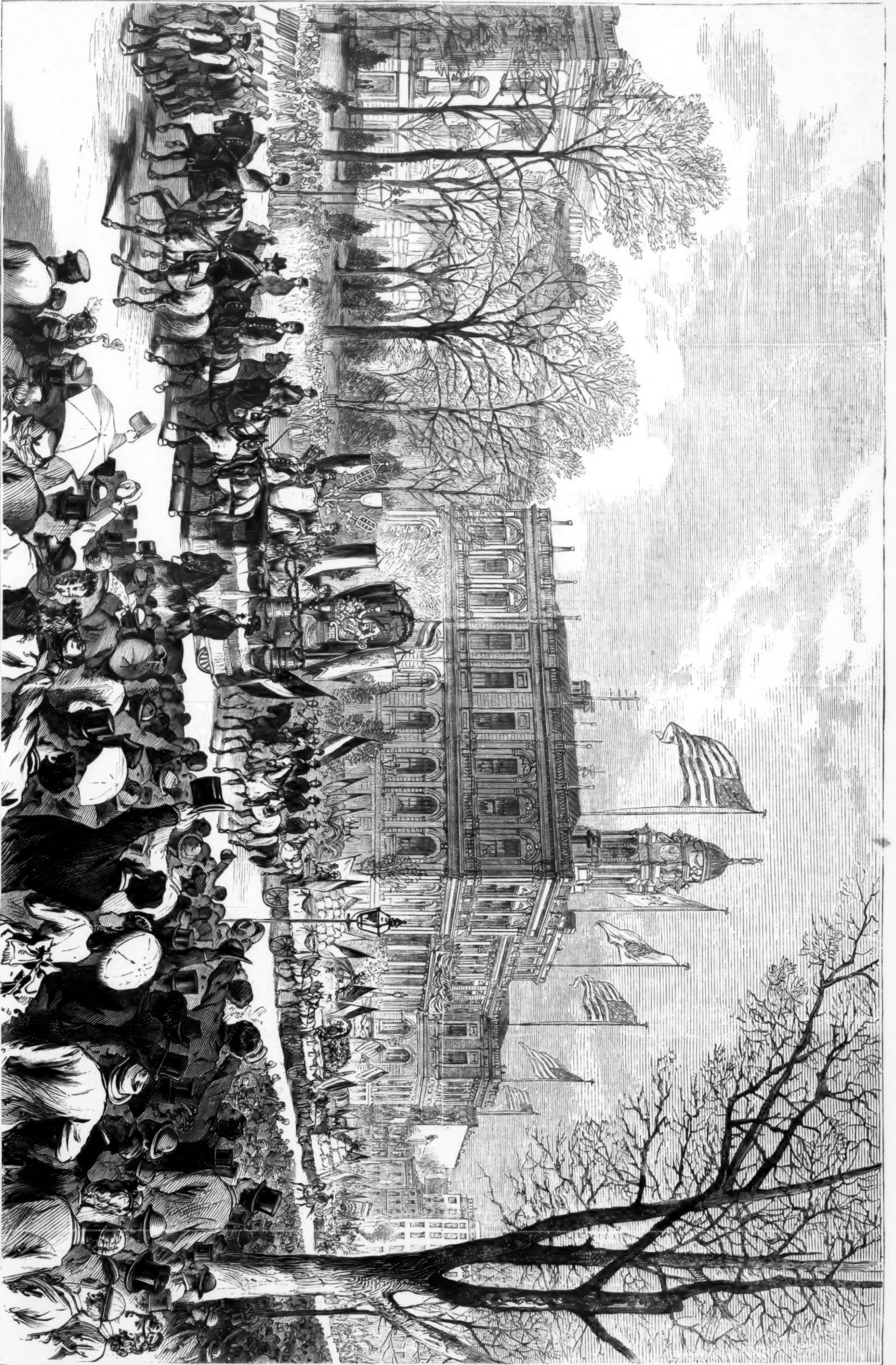
the mine was surrounded by a large party of the rioters, and the bosses who filled the place of workmen, as they emerged, were set upon, beaten, and, for a time, kept imprisoned.

These troubles have not been confined to a single locality. Not only at Mahanoy City, where our first and several subsequent sketches

were made, but at Pottsville, Wilkesbarre, Tamaqua, Ashland, and other towns, more or less trouble was experienced. The inhabitants being apprehensive of sanguinary encounters in the streets, Governor Geary promptly called out the State Militia, and took active legal steps to remedy the evil.



ENGLAND.—MARRIAGE OF PRINCESS LOUISE AND THE MARQUIS OF LORNE. MARCH 21ST.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE GRAND GERMAN PEACE JUBILEE, APRIL 10TH.—REVIEW OF THE PROCESSION AT CITY HALL.—PASSING OF KING GAMBRINUS, FOLLOWED BY HIS BREWERS.—SEE PAGE 107.

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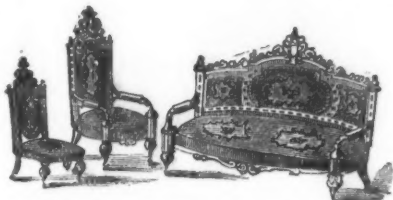
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SUPPLEMENT

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THE SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE NEW Five Per Cent. Stock of the United States now amount to about \$80,000,000. They are confidently expected to reach \$200,000,000 by the time the New Bonds are ready for delivery in May. The proposals of the Secretary of the Treasury will then be changed to the following programme:

First—Bonds to the amount of three hundred millions of dollars, payable in coin, at the pleasure of the United States, after ten years from the date of their issue, and bearing interest, payable quarterly in coin, at the rate of five per cent. per annum.

Second—Bonds to the amount of three hundred millions of dollars, payable in coin, at the pleasure of the United States, after fifteen years from the date of their issue, and bearing interest, payable quarterly in coin, at the rate of four and a half per cent. per annum.

Third—Bonds to the amount of seven hundred millions of dollars, payable in coin, at the pleasure of the United States, after thirty years from the date of their issue, and bearing interest, payable quarterly in coin, at the rate of four per cent. per annum.

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Second—Subscriptions for equal amounts of bonds bearing interest at the rate of four and a half per cent., and of bonds bearing interest at the rate of five per cent.

Third—Subscriptions for any five per cent. bonds that may not be subscribed for in the preceding classes.

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The bonds of the several classes aforesaid, and the interest thereon, are exempt from the payment of all taxes or dues of the United States, as well as from taxation in any form by or under State, municipal, or local authority.

After maturity, the bonds last issued will be first redeemed, by classes and numbers, as may be designated by the Secretary of the Treasury.

The reduction of the public debt since the close of the war of the rebellion, and the relief, at the same time, to the annual burden of interest, are as follows:

Principal of debt, 1865.....\$2,755,995,275
Paid under Johnson.....265,595,371

Principal, March 4, 1869.....\$2,491,393,904
Paid under Grant.....223,083,673

Present public debt.....\$2,268,316,231
Interest charge, 1865.....151,832,051

Reduced in four years by payment and funding.....25,442,501

Interest charge, 1869.....\$126,389,550
Reduced in two years by payment.....12,062,998

Present interest charge.....\$114,336,552

The proposed further reduction of the annual interest charge upon the public debt, by refunding, is as follows:

By exchange of \$500,000,000 United States six per cents. for new five per cents. of 1881.....\$5,000,000

By exchange of \$200,000,000 United States six per cents. for four and a half per cents. of 1880.....4,500,000

By exchange of \$700,000,000 United States six per cents. for four per cents. of 1901.....14,000,000

Total saving per annum by refunding...\$23,500,000

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SUPPLEMENT TO FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

No. 813—Vol. XXXII.]

NEW YORK, APRIL 29, 1871.

[GRATIS.]

THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

AUTHOR OF "PICKWICK PAPERS," "OUR MUTUAL FRIEND," "DAVID COPPERFIELD," "MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT," ETC., ETC.

Condensed from the First to the Twenty-third Chapter.

I.

AN ancient English Cathedral Tower? How can the ancient English Cathedral Tower be here! The well-known massive gray square tower of its old Cathedral? How can that be here! There is no spike of rusty iron in the air, between the eye and it, from any point of the real prospect. What is the spike that intervenes, and who has set it up? Maybe, it is set up by the Sultan's orders for the impaling of a horde of Turkish robbers, one by one. It is so, for cymbals clash, and the Sultan goes by to his palace in long procession. Ten thousand scimitars flash in the sunlight, and thrice ten thousand dancing-girls strew flowers. Then follow white elephants caparisoned in countless gorgeous colors, and infinite in number and attendants. Still, the Cathedral Tower rises in the background, where it cannot be, and still no writhing figure is on the grim spike.

Shaking from head to foot, the man whose scattered consciousness has thus fantastically pieced itself together, at length rises, supports his trembling frame upon his arms, and looks around. He is in the meanest and closest of small rooms. Through the ragged window-curtain the light of early day steals in from a miserable court. He lies, dressed, across a large unseemly bed, upon a bedstead that has indeed given way under the weight upon it. Lying, also dressed, and also across the bed, not long wise, are a Chinaman, a Lascar, and a haggard woman. The two first are in a sleep of stupor; the last is blowing at a kind of pipe, to kindle it. And as she blows, and shading it with her lean hand, concentrates its red spark of light, it serves in the dim morning as a lamp to show him what he sees of her.

That same afternoon, the massive gray square tower of an old Cathedral rises before the sight of a jaded traveler. The bells are going for daily vesper service, and he must needs attend it, one would say, from his haste to reach the open cathedral door. Then, the Sacristan locks the iron-barred gates that divide the sanctuary from the chancel, and all of the procession having scuttled into their places, hide their faces; and then the intoned words, "WHEN THE WICKED MAN—" rise among groins of arches and beams of roof, awakening muttered thunder.

II.

SERVICE being over in the old Cathedral with the square tower, and the choir scuffling out again, and divers venerable persons of rook-like aspect dispersing, two of these latter retrace their steps, and walk together in the echoing Close.

"Mr. Jasper was that, Tope?" says one.

"Yes, Mr. Dean."

"He has staid late?"

"Yes, Mr. Dean. I have staid for him, your Reverence. He has been took a little poorly, and his breathing was so remarkably short, when he came in, that it distressed him mightily to get his notes out, which was perhaps the cause of his having a kind of fit on him after a little. His memory grew dazed, and a dimness and giddiness crept over him as strange as ever I saw, though he didn't seem to mind it particularly, himself. However, a little time and a little water brought him out of his daze."

"And Mr. Jasper has gone home quite himself, has he?" asked the Dean.

"Your Reverence, he has gone home quite himself."

"Is Mr. Jasper's nephew with him?" the Dean asks.

"No, sir," replies the Verger; "but expected. There's his own solitary shadow betwixt his two windows—the one looking this way, and the one looking down into the High Street—drawing his own curtains now."

"Well, well," says the Dean, with a sprightly air of breaking up the little conference, "I hope Mr. Jasper's heart may not be too much set upon his nephew. Perhaps Mr. Crisparkle you will, before going home, look in on Jasper?"

"Certainly, Mr. Dean?"

With a pleasant air of patronage, the Dean as nearly cocks his quaint hat as a Dean in good spirits may, and directs his comely gaiters toward the ruddy dining-room of the snug old red-brick house, where he is at present "in residence" with Mrs. Dean and Miss Dean.

Mr. Crisparkle, Minor Canon, fair and rosy, and perpetually pitching himself head-foremost into all the deep running water in the surrounding country; Mr. Crisparkle, Minor Canon, early riser, musical, classical, cheerful, kind, good-natured, social, contented, and boy-like; Mr. Crisparkle, Minor Canon and good man, betakes himself to the Gate-House, on his way home to his early tea.

"Sorry to hear from Tope that you have not been well, Jasper."

"Oh, it was nothing, nothing!"

"You look a little worn."

"Do I? Oh, I don't think so. Tope has made too much of it, I suspect."

"I'm glad to hear that you expect young Drood."

"I expect the dear fellow every moment."

"Ah! He will do you more good than a doctor, Jasper."

"More good than a dozen doctors, for I love

nate Musical Wednesdays' to-night; but no doubt you are best at home. Good-night."

Sounds of recognition and greeting pass between the Reverend Septimus and somebody else, at the stair-foot. Mr. Jasper listens, starts from his chair, and catches a young fellow in his arms, exclaiming:

"My dear Edwin!"

"My dear Jack! So glad to see you!"

"Get off your great-coat, bright boy, and sit down here in your own corner. Your feet are not wet? Pull your boots off."

"My dear Jack, I am as dry as a bone. Don't moddley-coddley, there's a good fellow. Now I am right, and now I'll take my corner, Jack?"

Mr. Jasper opens a door at the upper end of the room, and discloses a small inner room pleasantly lighted and prepared, wherein a comely dame is in the act of setting dishes on table.

"What a jolly old Jack it is!" cries the young fellow, with a clap of his hands. "Look here, Jack; tell me; whose birthday is it?"

"Not yours, I know," Mr. Jasper answers, pausing to consider.

"Not mine, you know? No; not mine, I know! Pussy's!"

Fixed as the look the young fellow meets, is, there is yet in it some strange power of suddenly including the sketch of a young girl over the chimney-piece.

"Pussy's, Jack! We must drink, Many happy returns to her. Come, uncle; take your dutiful and sharp-set nephew in to dinner. And Lord! Here's Mrs. Tope!" cries the boy. "Loveller than ever!"

"Never you mind me, Master Edwin," retorts the Verger's wife; "I can take care of myself."

At length the cloth is drawn, and a dish of walnuts and a decanter of rich-colored sherry are placed upon the table.

"I say!" the young fellow cries. "No happy

"What a dreadfully conscientious fellow you are, Jack. But I know, Lord bless you! Inattentive, isn't she?"

"She can learn anything, if she will."

"If she will? Egad, that's it. But if she won't?" How's she looking, Jack?"

Mr. Jasper's concentrated face again includes the portrait as he returns: "Very like your sketch indeed."

"I am a little proud of it," says the young fellow, glancing up at the sketch with complacency, and then shutting one eye, and taking a corrected prospect of it over a level bridge of nut-cracker in the air.

Silence on both sides.

"Have you lost your tongue, Jack?"

"Have you found yours, Ned?"

"No, but really;—isn't it, you know, after all?"

Mr. Jasper lifts his dark eyebrows inquiringly. "Isn't it unsatisfactory to be cut off from choice in such a matter? There, Jack! I tell you! If I could choose, I would choose Pussy from all the pretty girls in the world."

"But you have not got to choose."

"That's what I complain of. My dead and gone father and Pussy's dead and gone father must needs marry us together by anticipation. Good Heaven, Jack, you look frightfully ill! There's a strange film come over your eyes."

Mr. Jasper, with a forced smile, stretches out his right hand, as if at once to disarm apprehension and gain time to get better. After a while he says faintly:

"I have been taking opium for a pain—an agony—that sometimes overcomes me. The effects of the medicine steal over me like a blight or a cloud, and pass. Look away from me. They will go all the sooner."

With a scared face, the younger man complies, by casting his eyes downward at the ashes on the hearth. Not relaxing his own gaze at the fire, but rather strengthening it

with a fierce firm grip upon his elbow-chair, the elder sits for a few moments rigid, and then, with thick drops standing on his forehead, and a sharp catch of his breath, becomes as he was before. Then he says:

"There is said to be a hidden skeleton in every house; but you thought there was none in mine, dear Ned."

"Upon my life, Jack, I did think so."

"Ned I hate my life!"

"Hate it, Jack?"

"I hate it. How does our service sound to you?"

"Beautiful! Quite celestial."

"It often sounds to me quite devilish. I am so weary of it. No wretched monk who droned his life away in that gloomy place can have been more tired of it than I am. He could take for relief to carving demons out of the stalls and seats and desks. What shall I do? Must I take to carving them out of my heart? Anyhow, my dear Ned," Jasper resumes, as he shakes his head with a grave cheerfulness: "I must subdue myself to my vocation. It's too late to find another now. This is a confidence between us."

"It shall be sacredly preserved, Jack."

"Shall we go and walk in the churchyard?" asks Jasper.

"By all means. You won't mind my slipping out of it for half a moment to the Nuns' House, and leaving a parcel there? Only gloves for Pussy; as many pairs of gloves as she is years old to-day. Rather poetical, Jack?"

Mr. Jasper, still in the same attitude, murmurs: "Nothing half so sweet in life, Ned!"

"Here's the parcel in my

attitude, murmurs: "Nothing half so sweet in life, Ned!"

And they go out together.

III.

IN the midst of the old Cathedral town of Cloisterham stands the Nuns' House. On the trim gate inclosing its old courtyard is a resplendent brass plate flashing forth the legend:



DICKENS'S FAMILIAR.

The Engraving is a portrait of "Grip" the Raven, as seen by Mr. Dickens's visitors stuffed and mounted in his study at Gad's Hill. Without the character of "Grip" poor mad *Barnaby Rudge* would resemble a ship without a rudder. The illustrious bird will be known to all coming time, as familiarly as *Lance's* dog, in *Shakespeare*. Mr. Dickens's ravens, from whom he described "Grip," were his household friends and gossip, as comfortable to his mind as *Crusoe's* parrots or *Quixote's* Rosinante. One died of a meal of paint, which he had eaten; one "suddenly turned over on his back, with a sepulchral cry of 'cuckoo,'" before the kitchen fire; but the raven who was the companion of the author's last days was a more mysterious character, "leading," as Dickens expresses it, "the life of a hermit in my little orchard, on the summit of *Shakespeare's* Gad's Hill, with no relish for society."

him dearly, and I don't love doctors, or doctors' stuff."

Mr. Jasper is a dark man, of some six-and-twenty, with thick, lustrous, well-arranged black hair and whisker. He looks older than he is, as dark men often do. His face is deep and good, his face and figure are good, his manner is a little sombre. His room is a little sombre, and may have had its influence in forming his manner. It is mostly in shadow.

"We shall miss you, Jasper, at the 'Alter-

returns proposed! Pussy, Jack, and many of 'em! Happy returns, I mean."

Laying an affectionate and laughing touch on the boy's extended hand, as if it were at once his giddy head and his light heart, Mr. Jasper drinks the toast in silence.

"Hip, hip, hip, and nine times nine, and one to finish with, and all that, understood. Hooray, hooray, hooray! And now, Jack, let's have a little talk about Pussy. How's Pussy getting on, Jack?"

"With her music? Fairly."

greatcoat-pocket. They must be presented to-night, or the poetry is gone. It's against regulations for me to call at night, but not to leave a packet. I am ready, Jack!"

And they go out together.

"Seminary for Young ladies. Miss Twinkleton."

Miss Twinkleton has two distinct and separate phases of being. Every night, the moment the young ladies have retired to rest, does Miss Twinkleton smarten up her curls a little, brighten up her eyes a little, and become a sprightlier Miss Twinkleton than the young ladies have ever seen. Miss Twinkleton's companion is one Mrs. Tisher: a deferential widow with a weak back, a chronic sigh, and a suppressed voice, who looks after the young ladies' wardrobes, and leads them to infer that she has seen better days.

The pet pupil of the Nuns' House is Miss Rosa Dud, of course called Rosebud; wonderfully pretty, wonderfully childish, wonderfully whimsical.

On the afternoon of the day next after the dinner of two at the Gate-House, the bell is rung with this result:

"Mr. Edwin Drood to see Miss Rosa."

Mr. Edwin Drood is waiting in Miss Twinkleton's own parlor, and soon a charming little apparition with its face concealed by a little silk apron thrown over its head, glides into the parlor.

The apron is pulled off the childish head, as its wearer says: "You're very welcome, Eddy. There! I am sure that's nice. Shake hands. No, I can't kiss you, because I've got an acidulated drop in my mouth."

"Are you at all glad to see me, Pussy?"

"Oh, yes, I'm dreadfully glad.—Go and sit down.—Miss Twinkleton."

It is the custom of that excellent lady, when these visits occur, to appear every three minutes, either in her own person or in that of Mrs. Tisher, and lay an offering on the shrine of Propriety by affecting to look for some desiderated article. On the present occasion, Miss Twinkleton, gracefully gliding in and out, says, in passing: "How do you do, Mr. Drood? Very glad indeed to have the pleasure. Pray excuse me. Tweezers. Thank you!"

"I got the gloves last evening, Eddy, and I like them very much. They are beauties."

"Well, that's something," the affianced replies, half grumbling.

Then after a little talk, half pleasant, half snappish, between the two victims, he asks:

"Shall I take you out for a walk, Rosa dear?"

Rosa dear does not seem at all clear on this point, until her face, which has been comically reflective, brightens. "Oh, yes, Eddy; let us go for a walk! And I tell you what we'll do. You shall pretend that you are engaged to somebody else, and I'll pretend that I am not engaged to anybody, and then we sha'n't quarrel."

"Do you think that will prevent our falling out, Rosa?"

"I know it will. Hush! Pretend to look out of window.—Mrs. Tisher!"

Through a fortuitous concurrence of accidents, the matronly Tisher heaves in sight, says, in rustling through the room like the legendary ghost of a Dowager in silken skirts: "I hope I see Mr. Drood well; though I needn't ask, if I may judge from his complexion? I trust I disturb no one; but there was a paper-knife—Oh, thank you, I am sure!" and disappears with her prize.

"One other thing you must do, Eddy, to oblige me," says Rosebud. "The moment we get into the street, you must put me outside, and keep close to the house yourself—squeeze and graze yourself against it."

"By all means, Rosa, if you wish it. Might I ask why?"

"Oh! because I don't want the girls to see you."

"It's a fine day; but would you like me to carry an umbrella up?"

"Don't be foolish, sir. You haven't got polished leather boots on," pouting, with one shoulder raised.

"Perhaps that might escape the notice of the girls, even if they did see me," remarks Edwin, looking down at his boots with a sudden distaste for them.

"Nothing escapes their notice, sir. Hark! Miss Twinkleton. I'll ask for leave."

That discreet lady being indeed heard without, inquiring of nobody in a blandly conversational tone as she advances: "Eh? Indeed! Are you quite sure you saw my mother-of-pearl button-holder on the work-table in my room?" is at once solicited for walking leave, and graciously accords it. And soon the young couple go out of the Nuns' House for their walk, but for all their walking and all their talking, are no nearer a happy settlement of the question than when they started.

At the gate, on their return, Edwin bends down his face to Rosebud's.

She remonstrates, laughing, and is a childish schoolgirl again.

"Eddy, no! I'm too sticky to be kissed. But give me your hand, and I'll blow a kiss into that."

He does so.

"Can't you see a happy Future?" she asks.

For certain, neither of them sees a happy Present, as the gate opens and closes, and one goes in and the other goes away.

IV.

ACCEPTING the Jackass as the type of self-sufficient stupidity and conceit—then the purest Jackass in Cloisterham is Mr. Thomas Sapsea, Auctioneer.

Mr. Sapsea "dresses at" the Dean; has been bowed to for the Dean, in mistake; has even been spoken to in the street as My Lord, under the impression that he was the Bishop come down unexpectedly, without his chaplain. Mr. Sapsea is very proud of this, and of his voice, and of his style.

Mr. Sapsea is nearly sixty, and has many admirers; he possesses the great qualities of being portentious and dull; not to mention a certain gravely flowing action with his hands, as if he were presently going to confirm the individual with whom he holds discourse.

Mr. Sapsea's premises are in the High Street, over against the Nuns' House.

Mr. Sapsea sits in his dull ground-floor sitting-room, and has a bottle of port wine on the table before the fire.

By Mr. Sapsea's side on the table are a writing-desk and writing-materials. Glancing at a scrap of manuscript, Mr. Sapsea reads it to himself with a lofty air, and then, slowly pacing the room with his thumbs in the armpits of his waistcoat, repeats it from memory: so internally, though with much dignity, that the word "Ethelinda" is alone audible.

There are three clean wineglasses in a tray on the table. His serving-maid entering, and announcing "Mr. Jasper is come, sir," Mr. Sapsea waves "Admit him," and draws two wineglasses from the rank, as being claimed.

"Glad to see you, sir. I congratulate myself on having the honor of receiving you here for the first time."

Ineffable loftiness on Mr. Sapsea's part accompanies these words, as leaving the sentence to be understood: "You will not easily believe that your society can be a satisfaction to a man like myself; nevertheless, it is."

"I have for some time desired to know you, Mr. Sapsea."

"And I, sir, have long known you by reputation as a man of taste."

"We were to speak of the late Mrs. Sapsea."

"We were, sir," Mr. Sapsea fills both glasses, and takes the decanter into safe keeping again.

"Half a dozen years ago, or so," Mr. Sapsea proceeds, "I cast my eye about me for a nuptial partner. Because, as I say, it is not good for man to be alone."

Mr. Jasper appears to commit this original idea to memory.

"Miss Brobity at that time kept, I will not call it the rival establishment to the establishment at the Nuns' House opposite, but I will call it the other parallel establishment downtown."

"Miss Brobity's Being, young man, was deeply imbued with homage to Mind. She revered Mind, when launched, or, as I say, precipitated, on an extensive knowledge of the world. When I made my proposal, she did me the honor to be so overshadowed with a species of Awe, as to be able to articulate only the two words, 'Oh, Thou!'—meaning myself. Her limpid blue eyes fixed upon me, her semi-transparent hands were clasped together, pallor overspread her aquiline features, and, though encouraged to proceed, she never did proceed a word further. I disposed of the parallel establishment, by private contract, and we became as nearly one as could be expected under the circumstances. But she never could, and she never did, find a phrase satisfactory to her perhaps-too-favorable estimate of my intellect. To the very last (feeble action of liver), she addressed me in the same unfinished terms. I have been since," adds Mr. Sapsea, with his legs stretched out, and solemnly enjoying himself with the wine and the fire, "what you behold me; I have been since a solitary mourner."

Mr. Jasper says, with an appearance of having fallen into dreadfully low spirits, that he "supposes it was to be."

"We can only suppose so, sir," Mr. Sapsea coincides. "As I say, Man proposes, Heaven disposes."

"And now, Mr. Jasper," resumes the auctioneer, producing his scrap of manuscript, "Mrs. Sapsea's monument having had full time to settle and dry, let me take your opinion, as a man of taste, on the inscription I have drawn out for it."

Mr. Jasper complying, sees and reads as follows:

ETHELINDA
Reverential Wife of
MR. THOMAS SAPSEA,
AUCTIONEER, VALUER, ESTATE AGENT, &c.,
OF THIS CITY.

Whose Knowledge of the World,
Though somewhat extensive,
Never brought him acquainted with
A SPIRIT
More capable of
LOOKING UP TO HIM.
STRANGER, PAUSE,
And ask thyself the Question,
CANST THOU DO LIKEWISE?
If Not,
WITH A BLUSH RETIRE.

The serving-maid, once more appearing, announces, "Durdles is come, sir!" Sapsea promptly draws forth and fills the third wineglass, as being now claimed, and replies, "Show Durdles in."

"Admirable!" quoth Mr. Jasper, handing back the paper.

"You approve, sir?"

"Impossible not to approve. Striking, characteristic, and complete."

The auctioneer inclines his head, as one accepting his due and giving a receipt; and invites the entering Durdles to take off that glass of wine (handing the same), for it will warm him.

Durdles is a stonemason; chiefly in the grave-stone, tomb, and monument way, and wholly of their color from head to foot. No man is better known in Cloisterham. With the Cathedral crypt he is better acquainted than any living authority; it may even be than any dead one. It is said that the intimacy of this acquaintance began in his habitually resorting to that secret place, to lock out the Cloisterham boy populace, and sleep off the fumes of liquor. He often speaks of himself in the third person; perhaps being a little misty as to his own identity when he narrates. Thus he will say, touching his strange sights: "Durdles come upon the old chap," in reference to a buried magnate of ancient time and high degree, "by striking right into the coffin with his pick. The old chap gave Durdles a look with his open eyes, as much as to say, 'Is your name Durdles? Why, my man, I've been waiting for you a Devil of a time!'" And then he turned to powder. With a two-foot rule always in his pocket, and a mason's hammer all but always in his hand, Durdles goes continually sounding and tapping all about and about the Cathedral; and whenever he says to Tope: "Tope, here's

another old 'un in here!" Tope announces it to the Dean as an established discovery.

To Durdles, when he has consumed his glass of port, Mr. Sapsea enters that precious effort of his Muse. Durdles unfeelingly takes out his two-foot rule, and measures the lines calmly, alloying them with stone-grit.

"Is this to be put in hand at once, Mr. Sapsea?" says Durdles.

Mr. Sapsea, with an Author's anxiety to rush into publication, replies that it cannot be out of hand too soon.

"You had better let me have the key, then," says Durdles.

The key proffered him by the bereaved widow being a large one, he slips his two-foot rule into a side-pocket of his flannel trousers made for it, and deliberately opens his flannel coat, and opens the mouth of a large breast-pocket within it before taking the key to place in that repository.

"Why, Durdles!" exclaims Jasper, looking on amused. "You are undermined with pockets!"

"And I carries weight in 'em too, Mr. Jasper. Feel those;" producing two other large keys.

"Hand me Mr. Sapsea's likewise. Surely this is the heaviest of the three."

"You'll find 'em much of a muchness, I expect," says Durdles. "They all belong to monuments. They all open Durdles's work. Durdles keeps the keys of his work mostly. Not that they're much used."

"By-the-by," it comes into Jasper's mind to say, as he examines the keys idly, "I have been going to ask you, many a day, and have always forgotten. You know they sometimes call you Stony Durdles, don't you?"

"Cloisterham knows me as Durdles, Mr. Jasper."

"I am aware of that, of course. But the boys sometimes—"

"Oh! If you mind them young Imps of boys—" Durdles gruffly interrupts.

"I don't mind them, any more than you do. But there was a discussion the other day among the Choir, whether Stony stood for Tony; clinking one key against another."

"Take care of the wards, Mr. Jasper."

"Or whether Stony stood for Stephen;" clinking with a change of keys.

"You can't make a pitch-pipe of 'em, Mr. Jasper."

"Or whether the name comes from your trade. How stands the fact?"

Mr. Jasper weighs the three keys in his hand, lifts his head from his idly stooping attitude over the fire, and delivers the keys to Durdles with an ingenuous and friendly face, and then Durdles gets out of the room, deigning no word of answer.

Mr. Sapsea then proposes a hit at backgammon, which, seasoned with his own improving conversation, and terminating in a supper of cold roast beef and salad, beguiles the golden evening until pretty late, and Mr. Sapsea lets his visitor off for the present.

V.

JOHN JASPER, on his way home through the Close, is brought to a standstill by the spectacle of Stony Durdles, dinner-bundle and all, leaning his back against the iron railing of the burial-ground inclosing it from the old cloister-arches; and a hideous small boy in rags flinging stones at him as a well-defined mark in the moonlight. Sometimes the stones hit him, and sometimes they miss him, but Durdles seems indifferent to either fortune. The hideous small boy, on the contrary, whenever he hits Durdles, blows a whistle of triumph through a jagged gap convenient for the purpose, in front of his mouth, where half his teeth are wanting; and whenever he misses him, yelps out "Mulled agin!" and tries to atone for the failure by taking a more correct and vicious aim.

"What are you doing to the man?" demands Jasper, stepping out into the moonlight from the shade.

"Own brother, sir," observes Durdles, turning himself about again, and as unexpectedly forgetting his offense as he had recalled or conceived it; "own brother to Peter the Wild Boy! But I gave him an object in life."

"At which he takes aim?" Mr. Jasper suggests.

"That's it, sir," returns Durdles, quite satisfied; "at which he takes aim. I took him in hand and gave him an object."

"He still keeps behind us," repeats Jasper, looking over his shoulder; "is he to follow us?"

"We can't help going round by the Travelers' Twopenny, if we go the short way, which is the back way," Durdles answers, "and we'll drop him there." So they go on.

"Is there anything new down in the crypt, Durdles?" asks John Jasper.

"Anything old, I think you mean," growls Durdles. "It ain't a spot for novelty."

"Yours is a curious existence."

Durdles gruffly answers: "Yours is another."

"What I dwell upon most," says Jasper, pursuing his subject of romantic interest, "is the remarkable accuracy with which you would seem to find out where people are buried.—What is the matter? That bundle is in your way; let me hold it."

"Just you give me my hammer out of that," says Durdles, "and I'll show you."

Clink, clink. And his hammer is handed him.

"Now, lookie here. You pitch your note, don't you, Mr. Jasper?"

"Yea."

"So I sound for mine. I take my hammer, and I tap." (Here he strikes the pavement, and the attentive Deputy skirmishes at a rather wider range, as supposing that his head may be in requisition.) "I tap, tap, tap. Solid! I go on tapping. Solid still! Tap again. Holloa! Hollow! Tap again, persevering. Solid in hollow! Tap, tap, tap, to try it better. Solid in hollow; and inside solid, hollow again! There you are! Old 'un crumbled away in stone coffin, in vault!"

"Astonishing!" Jasper opines that such accuracy is "a gift."

"I wouldn't have it at a gift," returns Durdles, by no means receiving the observation in good part. "I worked it out for myself. Halloa you Deputy!"

"Widdy!" is Deputy's shrill response, standing off again.

"Catch that ha'penny. And don't let me see any more of you to-night, after we come to the Travelers' Twopenny."

"Warning!" returns Deputy. They have but to cross what was once the vineyard, belonging to what was once the Monastery, to come into the narrow back lane wherein stands the crazy wooden house of two low stories currently known as the Travelers' Twopenny.

The semblance of an Inn is attempted to be given to this wretched place by fragments of conventional red curtaining in the windows.

At the corner of the lane, Jasper checks his companion and looks back. All his silent. He turns the corner in safety, and takes Durdles home.

John Jasper returns by another way to his gate-house, and, entering softly with his key, finds his fire still burning. He takes from a locked press a peculiar-looking pipe which he fills—but not with tobacco—and, having adjusted the contents of the bowl very carefully, with a little instrument, ascends an inner staircase of only a few steps, leading to two rooms. One of these is his own sleeping-chamber: the other, is his nephew's. There is a light in each.

His nephew lies asleep, calm and untroubled. John Jasper stands looking down upon him, his unlighted pipe in his hand, for some time, with a fixed and deep attention. Then, hushing his footsteps, he passes to his own room, lights his pipe, and delivers himself to the Spectres it invokes at midnight.

VI.

THE Reverend Septimus Crisparkle (Septimus, because six little brother Crisparkles before him went out, one by one, as they were born, like six weak little rush-lights, as they were lighted,) having broken the thin morning ice near Cloisterham Weir with his amiable head, much to the invigoration of his frame, was now assisting his circulation by boxing at a looking-glass with great science and prowess. A fresh and healthy portrait the looking-glass presented of the Reverend Septimus, feinting and dodging with the utmost artfulness, and hitting out from the shoulder with the utmost straightness, while his radiant features teemed with innocence, and soft-hearted benevolence beamed from his boxing-gloves.

It was scarcely breakfast-time yet, for Mrs. Crisparkle—mother, not wife, of the Reverend Septimus—was only just down, and waiting for the urn. Indeed, the Reverend Septimus left off at this very moment to take the pretty old lady's entering face between his boxing-gloves and kiss it. Having done so with tenderness, the Reverend Septimus turned to again, countering with his left, and putting in his right, in a tremendous manner.

"I say, every morning of my life, that you'll do it at last, Sept," remarked the old lady, looking on; "and so you will."

"Do what, Ma dear?"

"Break the pier-glass, or burst a blood-vessel."

"Neither, please God, Ma dear. Here's wind, Ma. Look at this!"

In a concluding round of great severity, the Reverend Septimus administered and escaped all sorts of punishment, and wound up by getting the old lady's cap into Chancery—such is the technical term used in scientific circles by the learned in the Noble Art—with a lightness of touch that hardly stirred the lightest lavender or cherry ribbon on it. Magnanimously releasing the defeated, just in time to get his gloves into a drawer, and feign to be looking out of window in a contemplative state of mind when a servant entered, the Reverend Septimus then gave place to the urn and other preparations for breakfast.

"And what, Ma dear," inquired the Minor Canon, giving proof of a wholesome and vigorous appetite, "does the letter say?"

The pretty old lady, after reading it, had just laid it down upon the breakfast-cloth. She handed it over to her son.

"Haven of Philanthropy,"

"Chief Offices, London, Wednesday."

"DEAR MADAME,"

"I have spoken with my two wards, Neville and Helena Landness, on the subject of their defective education, and they give in to the plan proposed; as I should have taken good care they did, whether they liked it or not."

"Therefore, dear Madame, you will please prepare your son, the Rev. Mr. Septimus, to expect Neville, as an inmate to be read with, on Monday next. On the same day Helena will accompany him to Cloisterham, to take up her quarters at the Nuns' House, the establishment recommended by yourself and son jointly. Please likewise to prepare for her reception and tuition there. The terms in both cases are understood to be exactly as stated to me in writing by yourself, when I opened a correspondence with you on this subject, after the honor of being introduced to you at your sister's house in town here. With compliments to the Rev. Mr. Septimus, I am, Dear Madame, Your affectionate brother (In Philanthropy),

LUKE HONEYTHUNDER."

"Well, Ma," said Septimus, after a little more rubbing of his ear, "we must try it. I must confess to feeling rather glad that he is not Mr. Honeythunder himself. Is he a large man, Ma?"

"I should call him a large man, my dear," the old lady replied after some hesitation, "but that his voice is so much larger."

"Than himself?"

"Than anybody."

Instructions were then dispatched to the philanthropist for the departure and arrival, in good time for dinner, of Mr. Neville and Miss Helena;

and stock for soup became fragrant in the air of Minor Canon Corner.

In due time arrived a short squat omnibus, with a disproportionate heap of luggage on the roof. As this vehicle lumbered up, Mr. Crisparkle could hardly see anything else of it for a large outside passenger seated on the box, with his elbows squared, and his hands on his knees, compressing the driver into a most uncomfortable small compass, and glowering about him with a strongly marked face.

"Is this Cloisterham?" demanded the passenger, in a tremendous voice.

"It is," replied the driver, rubbing himself as if he ached, after throwing the reins to the hostler. "And I never was so glad to see it."

"Tell your master to make his box seat wider then," returned the passenger. "Your master is morally bound to provide for the comfort of his fellow-man."

"Mr. Honeythunder?" said Mr. Crisparkle.

"That is my name, sir."

"My name is Crisparkle."

"Rev. Mr. Septimus? Glad to see you, sir. Neville and Helena are inside. So you are the Rev. Mr. Septimus, are you?" surveying him on the whole with disappointment, and twisting a double eye-glass by its ribbon, as if he were roasting it; but not otherwise using it. "Hah! I expected to see you older, sir.—Helena and Neville, come here! Mr. Crisparkle has come down to meet you."

An unusually handsome lithe young fellow, and an unusually handsome lithe girl; much alike; both very dark, and very rich in color; she, of almost the gipsy type, slender, supple, quick of eye and limb; half shy, half defiant; fierce of look; an indefinable kind of pause coming and going on their whole expression, both of face and form, which might be equally likened to the pause before a crouch, or a bound.

Mr. Crisparkle invited Mr. Honeythunder to dinner, with a troubled mind and gave his arm to Helena Landless.

Mrs. Crisparkle had need of her own share of philanthropy when she beheld this very large and very loud exorcism on the little party. Always something in the nature of a Boil upon the face of society, Mr. Honeythunder expanded into an inflammatory Wen in Minor Canon Corner. Though it was not literally true, as was facetiously charged against him by public unbelievers, that he called aloud to his fellow-creatures: Curse your souls and bodies, come here and be blessed!

The dinner was a most doleful break-down. The philanthropist deranged the symmetry of the table, sat himself in the way of the waiting, blocked up the thoroughfare, and drove Mr. Tope (who assisted the parlor-maid), to the verge of distraction by passing plates and dishes on, over his own head. Nobody could talk to anybody, because he held forth to everybody at once, as if the company had no individual existence, but were a Meeting. He impounded the Reverend Mr. Septimus, as an official personage to be addressed, or kind of human peg to hang his oratorical hat on, and fell into the exasperating habit, common among such orators, of impersonating him as a wicked and weak opponent. Thus, he would ask: "And will you, sir, now stultify yourself by telling me"—and so forth, when the innocent man had not opened his lips, nor meant to open them. Whereat the unfortunate Minor Canon would look, in part indignant and in part perplexed, while his worthy mother sat briding with tears in her eyes, and the remainder of the party lapsed into a sort of gelatinous state, in which there was no flavor of solidity, and very little resistance.

Dinner over, the affectionate kindness of the whole circle hustled him into his greatcoat, and shoved him out into the moonlight, as if he were a fugitive traitor with whom they sympathized, and a troop of horse were at the back door. Mr. Crisparkle and his new charge, who took him to the omnibus, were so fervent in their apprehensions of his catching cold, that they shut him up in it instantly and left him, with still half an hour to spare.

VII.

"I know very little of that gentleman, sir," said Neville to the Minor Canon as they turned back.

"You know very little of your guardian?" the Minor Canon repeated.

"Almost nothing."

"How came he—"

"To be my guardian? I'll tell you, sir. I suppose you know that we come (my sister and I) from Ceylon?"

"Indeed, no."

"I wonder at that. We lived with a stepfather there. Our mother died there, when we were little children. We had a wretched existence. She made him our guardian, and he was a miserly wretch who grudged us food to eat, and clothes to wear. At his death, he passed us over to this man; for no better reason that I know of, than his being a friend or connection of his, whose name was always in print and catching his attention."

"That was lately, I suppose?"

"Quite lately, sir. This stepfather of ours was a cruel brute as well as a grinding one. It was well he died when he did, or I might have killed him."

Mr. Crisparkle stopped short in the moonlight, and looked at his hopeful pupil in consternation.

"I surprise you, sir?" he said, with a quick change to a submissive manner.

"You shock me; unspeakably shock me."

The pupil hung his head for a little while, as they walked on, and then said, "You never saw him beat your sister. I have seen him beat mine, more than once or twice, and I never forgot it."

"Let us go back and take a turn or two up and down, Mr. Neville. I invite your confidence."

"You have invited it, sir, without knowing it. The truth is, we came here (my sister and

I) to quarrel with you, and affront you, and break away again."

"Really?" said Mr. Crisparkle, at a dead loss for anything else to say.

"But we like you, sir, and we see an unmistakable difference between your house and your reception of us, and anything else we have ever known. I have had, sir, from my earliest remembrance, to suppress a deadly and bitter hatred. This has made me secret and revengeful. I have been always tyrannically held down by the strong hand. This has driven me, in my weakness, to the resource of being false and mean. I have been stunted of education, liberty, money, dress, the very necessities of life, the commonest pleasures of childhood, the commonest possessions of youth. This has caused me to be utterly wanting in I don't know what emotions, or remembrances, or good instincts. When we ran away from our misery (we ran away four times in six years, to be soon brought back and cruelly punished), the flight was always of my sister's planning and leading. Each time she dressed as a boy, and showed the daring of a man. I take it we were seven years old when we first decamped; but I remember, when I lost the pocket-knife with which she was to have cut her hair short, how desperately she tried to tear it out, or bite it off. I have nothing further to say, sir, except that I hope you will bear with me and make allowance for me. I will try to do my part, sir."

"And, Mr. Neville, I will try to do mine. Here is my hand on it. May God bless our endeavors!"

A moment afterward they re-entered the house.

Mr. Jasper was seated at the piano as they came into the drawing-room, and was accompanying Miss Rosebud while she sang. He followed her lips most attentively, with his eyes as well as hands; carefully and softly hinting the key-note from time to time. Standing with an arm drawn round her, but with a face far more intent on Mr. Jasper than her singing, stood Helena, between whom and her brother an instantaneous recognition passed, in which Mr. Crisparkle saw, or thought he saw, the understanding that had been spoken of, flash out. Mr. Neville then took his admiring station, leaning against the piano, opposite the singer; Mr. Crisparkle sat down by the china shepherdess; Edwin Drood gallantly furred and unfurled Miss Twinkleton's fan; and that lady passively claimed that sort of exhibitor's proprietorship in the accomplishment on view, which Mr. Tope, the Verger, daily claimed in the Cathedral service.

The song went on. It was a sorrowful strain of parting, and the fresh young voice was very plaintive and tender. As Jasper watched the pretty lips, and ever and again hinted the one note, as though it were a low whisper from himself, the voice became less steady, until all at once the singer broke into a burst of tears, and shrieked out, with her hands over her eyes, "I can't bear this! I am frightened! Take me away!"

With one swift turn of her lithe figure, Helena laid the little beauty on a sofa, as if she had never caught her up. Then, on one knee beside her, and with one hand upon her rosy mouth, while with the other she appealed to all the rest, Helena said to them, "It's nothing; it's all over; don't speak to her for one minute, and she is well!"

She was taken to an open window for air, and was otherwise petted and restored. When she was brought back, Jasper's place was empty. "Jack's gone, Pussy," Edwin told her. "I am more than half afraid he didn't like to be charged with being the Monster who had frightened you." But she answered never a word, and shivered, as if they had made her a little too cold.

Miss Twinkleton now opined that indeed these were late hours, Mrs. Crisparkle, for finding themselves outside the walls of the Nuns' House, and that she who undertook the formation of the future wives and mothers of England were really bound to set a better example than one of rakish habits, wrappers were put in requisition, and the two young cavaliers volunteered to see the ladies home. It was soon done, and the gate of the Nuns' House closed upon them.

The boarders had retired, and only Mrs. Tisher in solitary vigil awaited the new pupil. Her bedroom being with Rosa's, very little introduction or explanation was necessary, before she was placed in charge of her new friend, and left for the night.

"This is a blessed relief, my dear," said Helena. "I have been dreading all day, that I should be brought to bay at this time."

"There are not many of us," returned Rosa, "and we are good-natured girls; at least the others are; I can answer for them."

"I can answer for you," laughed Helena, searching the lovely little face with her dark fiery eyes, and tenderly caressing the small figure. "You will be a friend to me, won't you?"

"I hope so. But the idea of my being a friend to you seems too absurd, though."

"Why?"

"Oh! I am such a mite of a thing, and you are so womanly and handsome. You seem to have resolution and power enough to crush me."

Helena's masterful look was intent upon her face for a few moments, and then she impulsively put out both her hands and said:

"You will be my friend, and help me?"

"Indeed, my dear, I will," replied Rosa, in a tone of affectionate childishness that went straight and true to her heart; "I will be as good a friend as such a mite of a thing can be to such a noble creature as you. And be a friend to me, please; for I don't understand myself; and I want a friend who can understand me, very much indeed."

Helena Landless kissed her, and, retaining both her hands, said:

"Who is Mr. Jasper?"

Rosa turned aside her head in answering:

"Eddy's uncle, and my music-master."

"You do not love him?"

"Ugh!" She put her hands up to her face, and shook with fear or horror.

"You know that he loves you?"

"Oh, don't, don't, don't!" cried Rosa, dropping on her knees, and clinging to her new resource. "Don't tell me of it! He terrifies me. He haunts my thoughts, like a dreadful ghost. I feel that I am never safe from him. I feel as if he could pass in through the wall when he is spoken of."

She actually did look round, as if she dreaded to see him standing in the shadow behind her.

"Try to tell me more about it, darling."

"Yes, I will, I will. Because you are so strong. But hold me the while, and stay with me afterward."

"My child! You speak as if he had threatened you in some dark way."

"He has never spoken to me about—that. Never."

"What has he done?"

"He has made a slave of me with his looks. He has forced me to understand him, without his saying a word; and he has forced me to keep silence, without his uttering a threat. When I play, he never moves his eyes from my hands. When I sing, he never moves his eyes from my lips. When he corrects me, and strikes a note, or a chord, or plays a passage, he himself is in the sounds, whispering that he pursues me as a lover, and commanding me to keep his secret. I avoid his eyes, but he forces me to see them without looking at them. Even when a glaze comes over them (which is sometimes the case), and he seems to wander away into a frightful sort of dream, in which he threatens most, he obliges me to know it, and to know that he is close to my side, more terrible to me than then ever."

"What is this imagined threatening, pretty one? What is threatened?"

"I don't know. I never even dared to think or wonder what it is."

"And was this all, to-night?"

"This was all; except that to-night when he watched my lips so closely as I was singing, besides feeling terrified, I felt ashamed and passionately hurt. It was as if he kissed me, and I couldn't bear it, but cried out. You must never breathe this to any one. Eddy is devoted to him. But you said to-night that you would not be afraid of him, under any circumstances, and that gives me—who am so much afraid of him—courage to tell you. Hold me! Stay with me! I am too frightened to be left by myself."

The lustrous gipsy-face drooped over the clinging arms and bosom, and the wild black hair fell down protectingly over the childish form. There was a slumbering gleam of fire in the intense dark eyes, though they were then softened with compassion and admiration. Let whosoever it most concerned, look well to it!

VIII.

THE two young men, having seen the damsels, their charges, enter the court-yard of the Nuns' House, slowly walked away together.

"Do you stay here long, Mr. Drood?" says Neville.

"Not this time," is the careless answer. "I leave for London again, to-morrow. But I shall be here, off and on, until next Midsummer; then I shall take my leave of Cloisterham, and England, too; for many a long day, I expect."

"Are you going abroad?"

"Going to wake up Egypt a little," is the condescending answer.

"Are you reading?"

"Reading!" repeats Edwin Drood, with a touch of contempt. "No. Doing, working, engineering. My small patrimony was left a part of the capital of the Firm I am with, by my father, a former partner; and I am a charge upon the Firm until I come of age; and then I step into my modest share in the concern. Jack—you met him at dinner—is, until then, my guardian and trustee."

"I hope," says Neville, "there is no offence, Mr. Drood, in my referring to your betrothal?"

"By George!" cries Edwin, leading on again at a somewhat quicker pace. "Everybody in this chattering old Cloisterham refers to it. I wonder no public-house has been set up, with my portrait for the sign of the Betrothed's Head. Or Pussy's portrait. One or the other."

Now, there are these two curious touches of human nature working the secret springs of this dialogue. Neville Landless is already enough impressed by little Rosebud to feel indignant that Edwin Drood (far below her) should hold his prize so lightly. Edwin Drood is already enough impressed by Helena, to feel indignant that Helena's brother (far below her) should dispose of her so coolly, and put him out of the way so entirely.

"I don't know, Mr. Neville," says Edwin, "that what people are proudest of they usually talk most about; I don't know either, that what they are proudest of they most like other people to talk about."

By this time they have both become savage.

"It does not seem to me very civil in you," remarks Neville, at length, "to reflect upon a stranger who comes here, not having had your advantages, to try to make up for lost time. But, to be sure, I was not brought up in 'busy life,' and my ideas of civility were formed among Heathens."

"Perhaps the best civility, whatever kind of people we are brought up among," retorts Edwin Drood, "is to mind our own business. If you will set me that example, I promise to follow it."

"Do you know that you take a great deal too much upon yourself," is the angry rejoinder; "and that in the part of the world I come from, you will be called to account for it?"

"By whom, for instance?" asks Edwin Drood, coming to a halt, and surveying the other with a look of disdain. But here a startling right hand is laid on Edwin's shoulder, and Jasper stands between them.

"Ned, Ned, Ned!" he says. "We must have no more of this. I don't like this. I have overheard high words between you two. Remember, my dear boy, you are almost in the position of host to-night. Now, what is amiss? But why ask! Let there be nothing amiss, and the question is superfluous. We are all three on a good understanding, are we not? Now, my bachelor gate-house is a few yards from here, and the heater is on the fire, and the wine and glasses are on the table, and it is not a stone's throw from Minor Canon Corner. Ned, you are up and away to-morrow. We will carry Mr. Neville in with us, to take a stirrup-cup."

"With all my heart, Jack."

"And with all mine, Mr. Jasper." Neville feels it impossible to say less, but would rather not go. He has an impression upon him that he has lost hold of his temper; feels that Edwin Drood's coolness, so far from being infectious, makes him red hot.

Mr. Jasper, still walking in the centre, hand to shoulder on either side, beautifully turns the refrain of a drinking-song, and they all go up to his rooms.

Jasper turns round from the fire, fills a large goblet glass for Edwin, and hands each his own; then fills for himself, saying:

"Come, Mr. Neville, we are to drink to my nephew, Ned. As it is his foot that is in the stirrup—metaphorically—our stirrup-cup is to be devoted to him. Ned, my dearest fellow, my love!"

Jasper sets the example of nearly emptying his glass, and Neville follows it. Edwin Drood says, "Thank you both very much," and follows the double example.

Edwin Drood's face has become quickly and remarkably flushed by the wine; so has the face of Neville Landless. Edwin still sits thrown back in his chair, making that rest of clasped hands for his head, and his speech becomes thick and indistinct. When Neville speaks, his speech is also thick and indistinct; and, after some allusions to Edwin's good fortune, it "might have been better for Mr. Drood to have known some hardships," he says defiantly.

"Why, pray?" retorts Edwin.

"Because they might have made him more sensible," says Neville, "of good fortune that is not by any means necessarily the result of his own merits."

Mr. Jasper quickly looks to his nephew for his rejoinder.

"Have you known hardships, may I ask?" says Edwin Drood, sitting upright.

"I have."

"And what have they made you sensible of?"

Mr. Jasper's play of eyes between the two, holds good throughout the dialogue, to the end.

"I have told you once before to-night."

"You have done nothing of the sort."

"I tell you I have. That you take a great deal too much upon yourself."

"You added something else to that, if I remember?"

"Yes, I did say something else."

"Say it again."

"I said that in the part of the world I come from, you would be called to account for it."

"Only there?" cries Edwin Drood, with a contemptuous laugh. "A long way off, I believe? Yes; I see! That part of the world is at a safe distance."

"Say here, then," rejoins the other, rising in a fury. "Say anywhere! Your vanity is intolerable, your conceit is beyond endurance, you talk as if you were some rare and precious prize, instead of a common boaster. You are a common fellow, and a common boaster."

"Pooh, pooh," says Edwin Drood, equally furious, but more collected; "how should you know? You may know a black common fellow, or a black common boaster, when you see him (and no doubt you have a large acquaintance that way); but you are no judge of white men."

This insulting allusion to his dark skin infuriates Neville to that violent degree, that he flings the dregs of his wine at Edwin Drood, and is in the act of flinging the goblet after it, when his arm is caught in the nick of time by Jasper.

"Ned, my dear fellow!" he cries in a loud voice; "I entreat you, I command you, to be still!" There has been a rush of all the three, and a clattering of glasses and overturning of chairs. "Mr. Neville, for shame! Give this glass to me. Open your hand, sir. I WILL have it!" But Neville throws him off, and pauses for an instant, in a raging passion, with the goblet yet in his uplifted hand. Then he dashes it down under the grate, with such force that the broken splinters fly out again in a shower; and he leaves the house.

When he first emerges into the night air, nothing around him is still or steady; nothing around him shows like what it is; he only knows that he stands with a bare head in the midst of a blood-red whirl, waiting to be struggled with, and to struggle to the death. Then, he becomes half conscious of having heard himself booted and barred out, like a dangerous animal; and thinks what shall he do? He repairs to Minor Canon Corner, and knocks softly at the door. His knock is immediately answered by Mr. Crisparkle himself.

"Mr. Neville! In this disorder! Where have you been?"

"I have been to Mr. Jasper's, sir. With his nephew."

"Come in. You are not sober, Mr. Neville."

"I am afraid I am not, sir, though I can satisfy you at another time that I have had very little indeed to drink, and that it overcame me in the strangest and most sudden manner."

"Mr. Neville, Mr. Neville," says the Minor Canon, shaking his head with a sorrowful smile; "I have heard that said before."

"I think—my mind is much confused, but I think—it is equally true of Mr. Jasper's nephew, sir."

"Very likely," is the dry rejoinder.

"We quarreled, sir. He insulted me most grossly. He had heated that tigrish blood I told you of to-day, before then. He goaded me, sir, beyond my power of endurance. In short,

sir," with an irrepressible outburst, "in the passion into which he lashed me, I would have cut him down if I could, and I tried to do it."

"I will accompany you to your room," says Mr. Crisparkle. "Your arm, if you please. Softly, for the house is all a-bed."

Another soft knock at the outer door attracts his attention as he goes downstairs. He opens it to Mr. Jasper, holding in his hand the pupil's hat.

"We have had an awful scene with him," says Jasper, in a low voice.

"Has it been so bad as that?"

"Murderous!"

Mr. Crisparkle remonstrates: "No, no, no. Do not use such strong words."

"He might have laid my dear boy dead at my feet. But that I was, through the mercy of God, swift and strong with him, he would have cut him down on my hearth."

The phrase smites home.

"Ah!" thinks Mr. Crisparkle. "His own words!"

"Seeing what I have seen to-night, and hearing what I have heard," adds Jasper, with great earnestness, "I shall never know peace of mind when there is danger of those two coming together with no one else to interfere. It was horrible. There is something of the tiger in his dark blood."

"Ah!" thinks Mr. Crisparkle. "So he said!"

"You, my dear sir," pursues Jasper, taking his hand, "even you, have accepted a dangerous charge."

"You need have no fear for me, Jasper," returns Mr. Crisparkle, with a quiet smile. "I have none for myself."

"I have none for myself," returns Jasper, with an emphasis on the last pronoun, "because I am not, nor am I in the way of being, the object of his hostility. But you may, and my dear boy has been. Good-night!"

IX.

By what means the news that there had been a quarrel between the two young men overnight, involving even some kind of onslaught by Mr. Neville upon Edwin Drood, got into Miss Twinkleton's establishment before breakfast, it is impossible to say. Whether it was brought in by the birds of the air, or came blowing with the very air itself, when the casement-windows were set open; whether the baker brought it kneaded into the bread, or the milkman delivered it as part of the adulteration of his milk; or the housemaids, beating the dust out of their mats against the gateposts, received it in exchange deposited on the mats by the town atmosphere; certain it is that the news permeated every gable of the old building before Miss Twinkleton was down, and that Miss Twinkleton herself received it through Mrs. Tisher, while yet in the act of dressing.

Miss Landless's brother had thrown a bottle at Mr. Edwin Drood.

Miss Landless's brother had thrown a knife at Mr. Edwin Drood.

A knife became suggestive of a fork, and Miss Landless's brother had thrown a fork at Mr. Edwin Drood, etc., etc.

At this critical time, of all times, Rosa's guardian was announced as having come to see her.

Mr. Grewgious had been well selected for his trust, as a man of incorruptible integrity, but certainly for no other appropriate quality discernible on the surface. He was an arid, sandy man, who, if he had been put into a grinding-mill, looked as if he would have ground immediately into high-dried snuff. He had a scanty flat crop of hair, in color and consistency like some very mangy yellow fur tipset; it was so unlike hair, that it must have been a wig, but for the stupendous improbability of anybody's voluntarily sporting such a head.

With too great length of throat at his upper end, and too much ankle-bone and heel at his lower; with an awkward and hesitating manner; with a shambling walk, and with what is called a near sight—which perhaps prevented his observing how much white cotton stocking he displayed to the public eye, in contrast with his black suit—Mr. Grewgious still had some strange capacity in him of making on the whole an agreeable impression.

"My visits," said Mr. Grewgious to Rosa, "are, like those of the angels—not that I compare myself to an angel."

"No, sir," said Rosa.

"Not by any means," assented Mr. Grewgious. "I merely refer to my visits, which are few and far between. The angels are, we know very well, up-stairs."

Miss Twinkleton looked round with a kind of stiff stare.

"Pounds, shillings, and pence," he continued. "You find your allowance always sufficient for your wants, my dear?"

Rosa wanted for nothing, and therefore it was ample.

"And you are not in debt?"

Rosa laughed at the idea of being in debt. "Marriage," Hem! I now touch, my dear, upon the point that is the direct cause of my troubling you with the present visit. Mr. Edwin has been to and fro here, as was arranged? And you like him, and he likes you?"

"I like him very much, sir," rejoined Rosa.

"Good. And you correspond?"

"We write to one another," said Rosa, pouting.

"Good. I am a particularly Angular man," proceeded Mr. Grewgious, "and I am not used to give anything away. If, for these two reasons, some competent Proxy would give you away next Christmas, let us say, I should take it very kindly."

Rosa intimated, with her eyes on the ground, that she thought a substitute might be found, if required.

"Memorandum, 'Will.' Now, my dear," said Mr. Grewgious, taking a paper from his pocket: "although I have before possessed you with the contents of your father's will, I think it right at this time to leave a certified copy of it in

your hands. And although Mr. Edwin is also aware of its contents, I think it right at this time likewise to place a certified copy of it in Mr. Jasper's hands."

"Not in his own?" asked Rosa, looking up quickly. "Cannot the copy go to Eddy himself?"

"Why, yes, my dear, if you particularly wish it; but I spoke of Mr. Jasper as being his trustee."

"I do particularly wish it, if you please," said Rosa, hurriedly and earnestly; "I don't like Mr. Jasper to come between us, in any way."

"It is natural, I suppose," said Mr. Grewgious, "that your young husband should be all in all. Yes, your wish shall be complied with. Respecting your inheritance, I think you know all. It is an annuity of two hundred and fifty pounds. The savings upon that annuity, and some other items to your credit, all duly carried to account, with vouchers, will place you in possession of a lump-sum of money, rather exceeding Seventeen Hundred Pounds. I am empowered to advance the cost of your preparations for your marriage out of that fund. All is told. I have now, my dear," he added, "discharged myself; is there any wish of yours that I can further?"

Rosa shook her head, with an almost plaintive air of hesitation in want of help.

"Is there any instruction that I can take from you with reference to your affairs?"

"I—I should like to settle them with Eddy, first, if you please," said Rosa, plaiting the crease in her dress.

"Surely. Surely," returned Mr. Grewgious. "You two should be of one mind in all things. Is the young gentleman expected shortly?"

"He has gone away only this morning. He will be back at Christmas."

"Nothing could happen better."

"Could I," said Rosa, rising, as he jerked out of his chair in his ungainly way—"could I ask you, most kindly to come to me at Christmas, if I had anything particular to say to you?"

"Why, certainly, certainly," he rejoined.

For his ready acquiescence, the grateful Rosa put her hands upon his shoulders, stood on tip-toe, and instantly kissed him.

As he held it incumbent upon him to call on Mr. Jasper before leaving Cloisterham, Mr. Grewgious then went to the Cathedral, where he met the object of his search at the door.

"Nothing is the matter?" Thus Jasper accosted him, rather quickly. "You have not been sent for?"

"Not at all, not at all. I came down of my own accord to my pretty ward's, to tell her, seriously, what a betrothal by deceased parents is."

"And what is it?"

Mr. Grewgious noticed the whiteness of the lips that asked the question, and put it down to the chilling account of the Cathedral.

"I merely came to tell her that it could not be considered binding, against any such reason for its dissolution as a want of affection, or want of disposition to carry it into effect, on the side of either party."

"I will wager," said Jasper, smiling—his lips were still so white that he was conscious of it, and bit and moistened them while speaking—"I will wager that she hinted no wish to be released from Ned."

"And you will win your wager, if you do. Therefore, let them have their little discussions and councils together, when Mr. Edwin Drood comes back here at Christmas, and then you and I will step in, and put the final touches to the business. God bless them both!"

"God save them both!" cried Jasper.

"I said, bless them," remarked the former, looking back over his shoulder.

"I said, save them," returned the latter. "Is there any difference?"

X.

MR. CRISPARKLE one day, watching Neville Landless attentively, and at the same time meditating how to proceed, as he glanced at his sister, all three walking together, at last said: "Mr. Neville, Mr. Neville, I am sorely grieved to see in you more traces of a character as sullen, angry, and wild, as the night now closing in. This feud between you and young Drood must not go on. Now, pray observe what I am about to say. On reflection, I am willing to admit that, in making peace with young Drood, you have a right to be met half way. I will engage that you shall be, and even that young Drood shall make the first advance. This condition fulfilled, you will pledge me the honor of a Christian gentleman that the quarrel is for ever at an end on your side. Do I understand aright?"

Helena answered in a low voice: "It is only known to us three who are here together."

"It is not at all known to the young lady, your friend?"

"On my soul, no!"

"I require you, then, to give me your similar and solemn pledge, Mr. Neville, that it shall remain the secret it is."

"To say that I give both pledges, Mr. Crisparkle, out of my innermost heart, and to say that there is no treachery in it, is to say nothing!" Thus Neville, greatly moved.

"Miss Helena, you and your brother are twin children," says Mr. Crisparkle. "What you have overcome in yourself, can you not overcome in him? You see the rock that lies in his course. Who but you can keep him clear of it?"

"Who but you, sir?" replied Helena. "What is my influence, or my weak wisdom, compared with yours?"

"You have the wisdom of Love," returned the Minor Canon, "and it was the highest wisdom ever known upon this earth, remember. Good-night!"

She took the hand he offered her, and gratefully and almost reverently raised it to her lips.

"Tut!" said the Minor Canon, softly, "I am much overpaid!" and turned away, retracing his steps toward the Cathedral Close. "I will strike while the iron is hot," he added to himself, "and see Jasper now."

Jasper was lying asleep on a couch before

the fire, when Mr. Crisparkle gently turned the handle and looked in. Long afterward he had cause to remember how Jasper sprang from the couch in a delirious state between sleeping and waking, crying out: "What is the matter? Who did it?"

"It is only I, Jasper. I am sorry to have disturbed you."

The glare of his eyes settled down into a look of recognition, and he moved a chair or two, to make a way to the fireside.

"I was dreaming at a great rate. I am glad to see you," he said.

"Thank you," returned Mr. Crisparkle, as he sat himself down in the easy-chair placed for him. "Jasper, I want to establish peace between these two young fellows."

A very perplexed expression took hold of Mr. Jasper's face; a very perplexing expression, too, for Mr. Crisparkle could make nothing of it.

"How?" was Jasper's inquiry, in a low and slow voice, after a silence.

"I want to ask you to do me the great favor and service of interposing with your nephew (I have already interposed with Mr. Neville), and getting him to write you a short note, in his lively way, saying that he is willing to shake hands. And without in the least defending Mr. Neville, we must all admit that he was bitterly stung. I know that you are not prepossessed in Mr. Neville's favor," the Minor Canon was going on, when Jasper stopped him:

"You have cause to say so. I am not, indeed."

"Undoubtedly, and I admit his lamentable violence of temper. But I have exacted a very solemn promise from him as to his future demeanor toward your nephew, if you do kindly interpose; and I am sure he will keep it."

"You are always responsible and trustworthy, Mr. Crisparkle. Do you really feel sure that you can answer for him so confidently?"

"I do."

The perplexed and perplexing looked vanished.

"Then you relieve my mind of a great dread, and a heavy weight," said Jasper; "I will do it. I will do it," he repeated. "You will laugh—but do you keep a Diary?"

"A line for a day; not more."

"A line for a day would be quite as much as my uneventful life would need, Heaven knows," said Jasper, taking a book from a desk; "but that my Diary is, in fact, a Diary of Ned's life too. You will laugh at this entry; you will guess when it was made:

"Past midnight—After what I have just now seen, I have a morbid dread upon me of some horrible consequences resulting to my dear boy, that I cannot reason with or in any way contend against. All my efforts are vain. The demoniacal passion of this Neville Landless, his strength in his fury, and his savage rage for the destruction of his object, appal me. So profound is the impression, that twice since have I gone into my dear boy's room, to assure myself of his sleeping safely, and not lying dead in his blood."

"Here is another entry next morning:

"Ned up and away. Light-hearted and unsuspecting as ever. He laughed when I cautioned him, and said he was as good a man as Neville Landless any day. I told him that might be, but he was not as bad a man. He continued to make light of it, but I traveled with him as far as I could, and left him most unwillingly. I am unable to shake off these dark, intangible presentiments of evil—if feelings founded upon staring facts are to be so called."

"You are my witness," said Jasper, shrugging his shoulders, "what my state of mind honestly was, that night, before I sat down to write, and in what words I expressed it. You remember objecting to a word I used, as being too strong? It was a stronger word than any in my Diary."

"Well, well," rejoined Mr. Crisparkle, "we will discuss it no more, now. I have to thank you for myself, and I thank you sincerely."

"You shall find," said Jasper, as they shook hands, "that I will not do the thing you wish me to do by halves. I will take care that Ned, giving way at all, shall give way thoroughly."

On the third day after this conversation, he called on Mr. Crisparkle with the following letter:

"MY DEAR JACK,

"I am touched by your account of your interview with Mr. Crisparkle, whom I much respect and esteem. At once I openly say that I forgot myself on that occasion quite as much as Mr. Landless did, and that I wish that by-gone to be a by-gone, and all to be right again."

"Look here, dear old boy. Ask Mr. Landless to dinner on Christmas Eve (the better the day the better the deed), and let there be only we three, and let us shake hands all round there and then, and say no more about it."

"My dear Jack,

"Ever your most affectionate,

"P. S.—Love to Miss Pussy at the next music-lesson."

"You expect Mr. Neville, then?" said Mr. Crisparkle.

"I count upon his coming," said Mr. Jasper.

XI.

NEITHER wind nor sun favored Staple Inn, one December afternoon toward six o'clock, when it was filled with fog and Mr. Grewgious sat writing by his fire in his chambers.

As Mr. Grewgious sat and wrote by his fire that afternoon, so did the clerk of Mr. Grewgious sit and write by his fire. A pale, puffy-faced, dark-haired person of thirty, with big dark eyes that wholly wanted lustre, and a dissatisfied doughy complexion, that seemed to ask to be sent to the baker's, this attendant was a mysterious being, possessed of some strange power over Mr. Grewgious.

"Now, Bazzard," said Mr. Grewgious, on the entrance of his clerk—looking up from his papers as he arranged them for the night—"what is in the wind besides fog?"

"Mr. Drood," said Bazzard.

"What of him?"

"Has called," said Bazzard.

"You might have shown him in."

"I am doing it," said Bazzard.

The visitor came in accordingly.

"I take it," said Mr. Grewgious, "that you have done me the favor of looking in to mention that you are going down yonder? Eh, Mr. Edwin?"

"I called, sir, before going down, as an act of attention."

"I have lately been down yonder," said Mr. Grewgious, rearranging his skirts; "and I tell you, you are expected."

"Indeed, sir! Yes; I knew that Pussy was looking out for me."

"Do you keep a cat down there?" asked Mr. Grewgious.

Edwin colored a little, as he explained: "I call Rosa, Pussy."

"Oh, really," said Mr. Grewgious, smoothing down his head; "that's very affable."

"A pet name, sir," he explained again.

"Umps," said Mr. Grewgious, with a nod.

"Did P-Rosa—" Edwin began, by way of recovering himself.

"P-Rosa?" repeated Mr. Grewgious.

"I was going to say Pussy, and changed my mind—did she tell you anything about the Landlesses?"

"No," said Mr. Grewgious. "What is the Landlesses? An estate? A villa? A farm?"

"A brother and sister. The sister is at the Nuns' House, and has become a great friend of P—"

"P-Rosa's," Mr. Grewgious struck in, with a fixed face. "Now, sir," he proceeded, wiping his mouth and hands upon his handkerchief, "to a little piece of business. You received from me, the other day, a certified copy of Miss Rosa's father's will. You knew its contents before, but you received it from me as a matter of business. I should have sent it to Mr. Jasper, but for Miss Rosa's wishing it to come straight to you, in preference. You received it?"

"Quite safely, sir."

"Now, in that document you have observed a few words of kindly allusion to its being left to me to discharge a little trust?"

"Yes, sir."

"Favor me with your attention, half a minute." He then called his clerk, Bazzard, who immediately entered the room. Mr. Grewgious then took a bunch of keys from his pocket, went to a bureau or escritoir, unlocked it, touched the spring of a little secret drawer, and took from it an ordinary ring-case made for a single ring. With this in his hand, he returned to his chair. As he held it up for the young man to see, his hand trembled.

"Mr. Edwin, this rose of diamonds and rubies delicately set in gold was a ring belonging to Miss Rosa's mother. It was removed from her dead hand, in my presence, with such distracted grief as I hope it may never be my lot to contemplate again."

He closed the case again as he spoke.

"This ring was given to the young lady, who was drowned so early in her beautiful and happy career, by her husband, when they first plighted their faith to one another. It was he who removed it from her unconscious hand, and it was he who, when his death drew very near, placed it in mine. The trust in which I received it was, that, you and Miss Rosa growing to manhood and womanhood, and your betrothal prospering and coming to maturity, I should give it to you to place upon her finger. Failing those desired results, it was to remain in my possession."

Some trouble was in the young man's face, and some indecision was in the action of his hand, as Mr. Grewgious, looking steadfastly at him, gave him the ring.

"Your placing it on her finger," said Mr. Grewgious, "will be the solemn seal upon your strict fidelity to the living and the dead. You are going to her, to make the last irrevocable preparations for your marriage. Take it with you."

The young man took the little case, and placed it in his breast.

"If anything should be amiss, if anything should be even slightly wrong, between you," then said Mr. Grewgious, "I charge you once more, by the living and by the dead, to bring that ring back to me!" Bazzard!" he added, addressing his clerk.

"I follow you, sir," said Bazzard, "and I have been following you."

"In discharge of a trust, I have handed Mr. Edwin Drood a ring of diamonds and rubies. You see."

Edwin reproduced the little case, and opened it; and Bazzard looked into it.

"I follow you both, sir," returned Bazzard, "and I witness the transaction."

Evidently anxious to get away and be alone, Edwin Drood now resumed his outer clothing, muttering something about time and appointments. The fog was no clearer, but he went out into it; and Bazzard, after his manner, "followed" him.

XII.

MR. SAPSEA, walking slowly this moist evening near the churchyard with his hands behind him, on the lookout for a blushing and retiring stranger, turns a corner, and comes instead into the goodly presence of the Dean, conversing with the Verger and Mr. Jasper. Mr. Sapsea makes his obeisance, and is instantly stricken far more ecclesiastical than any Archbishop of York, or Canterbury.

"You are evidently going to write a book about us, Mr. Jasper," quoth the Dean.

"I have really no intention at all, sir," replies Jasper, "of turning author, or archaeologist. It is but a whim of mine. And even for my whim, Mr. Sapsea here is more accountable than I am."

"How so, Mr. Mayor?" says the Dean, with a nod of good-natured recognition of his Fetch.

"How is that, Mr. Mayor?"

"I am not aware," Mr. Sapsea remarks, looking about him for information, "to what the Very Reverend the Dean does me the honor of referring." And then falls to studying his original in minute points of detail.

"I am about making a moonlight expedition with Durdles among the tombs, vaults, towers, and ruins," returns Jasper. "You remember suggesting, when you brought us together, that, as a lover of the picturesque, it might be worth my while?"

"Remember!" replies the auctioneer. And the solemn idiot really believes he does remember.

"Profiting by your hint," pursues Jasper, "I have had some day-rambles with the extraordinary old fellow, and we are to make a moonlight hole-and-corner exploration to-night."

"And here he is," says the Dean.

Durdles, with his dinner-bundle in his hand, is in leed beheld slouching toward them. Slouching nearer, and perceiving the Dean, he pulls off his hat, and is slouching away with it under his arm, when Mr. Sapsea stops him.

"Mind you take care of my friend," is the injunction Mr. Sapsea lays upon him.

"What friend o' yours is dead?" asks Durdles. "No orders has come in for any friend o' yours."

"I mean my live friend, there."

"Oh! Him?" says Durdles. "He can take care of himself, can Mr. Jasper?"

"But do you take care of him too," says Sapsea.

Whom Durdles (there being command in his tone) surlily surveys from head to foot.

"With submission to his Reverence the Dean, if you'll mind what concerns you, Mr. Sapsea, Durdles he'll mind what concerns him."

"You are out of temper," says Mr. Sapsea, winking to the company to observe how smoothly he will manage him. "My friend concerns me, and Mr. Jasper is my friend. And you are my friend."

"Don't you get into a bad habit of boasting," reports Durdles, with a grave cautionary nod. "I'll grow upon you."

"You are out of temper," says Sapsea again, relapsing, but again winking to the company.

"I own to it," returns Durdles; "I don't like liberties."

Mr. Sapsea winks a third wink to the company, as who should say, "I think you will agree with me that I have settled his business," and stalks out of the controversy.

Durdles then gives the Dean a good-evening, and adding, as he puts his hat on, "You'll find me at home, Mister Jasper, as agreed, when you want me; I'm a-going home to clean myself," soon slouches out of sight.

The Dean withdraws to his dinner, Mr. Tope to his tea, and Mr. Jasper to his piano. There, with no light but that of the fire, he sits chanting choir-music in a low and beautiful voice, for two or three hours; in short, until it has been for some time dark, and the moon is about to rise.

Then he closes his piano softly, softly changes his coat for a pea-jacket with a goodly wicker-cased bottle in its largest pocket, and, putting on a low-crowned flap-brimmed hat, goes softly out. Why does he move so softly to-night? No outward reason is apparent for it. Can there be any symmetrical reason crouching darkly within him?

Repairing to Durdles' unfinished house, or hole in the city wall, and seeing a light within it, he softly picks his course among the grave-stones, monuments, and stony lumber of the yard, already touched here and there, sidewise, by the rising moon.

"Ho! Durdles!"

The light moves, and he appears with it at the door.

"Are you ready?"

"I am ready, Mister Jasper."

He takes a lantern from a hook, puts a match or two in his pocket wherewith to light it, should there be need, and they go out together, dinner-bundle and all.

Surely an unaccountable sort of expedition!

"Ware that there mound by the yard-gate, Mister Jasper."

"I see it. What is it?"

"Lime."

Mr. Jasper stops, and waits for him to come up, for he lags behind. "What you call quick-lime?"

"Ay!" says Durdles; quick enough to eat your boots. With a little handy stirring, quick enough to eat your bones."

They go on, presently passing the red windows of the Travelers' Twopenny, and emerging into the clear moonlight of the Monks' Vineyard. This crossed, they come to Minor Canon Corner: of which the greater part lies in shadow until the moon shall rise higher in the sky.

The sound of a closing house-door strikes their ears, and two men come out. These are Mr. Crisparkle and Neville. Jasper, with a strange and sudden smile upon his face, lays the palm of his hand upon the breast of Durdles, stopping him where he stands.

At that end of Minor Canon Corner the shadow is profound in the existing state of the light: at that end, too, there is a piece of old dwarf wall, breast high, the only remaining boundary of what was once a garden, but is now the thoroughfare. Jasper and Durdles would have turned this wall in another instant; but, stopping so short, stand behind it.

"Those two are only sauntering," Jasper whispers; "they will go into the moonlight soon. Let us keep quiet here, or they will detain us, or want to join us, or what not."

Durdles nods assent, and falls to munching some fragments from his bundle. Jasper folds his arms upon the top of the wall, and, with his chin resting on them, watches. He takes no note whatever of the Minor Canon, but watches Neville, as though his eye were at the trigger of a loaded rifle, and he had covered him, and were going to fire. A sense of destructive power is so expressed in his face, that even Durdles pauses in his munching, and looks at him, with an unmunched something in his cheek.

Meanwhile Mr. Crisparkle and Neville walk to and fro, quietly talking together. What they say, cannot be heard consecutively; but Mr. Jasper has already distinguished his own name more than once.

"This is the first day of the week," Mr. Crisparkle can be distinctly heard to observe, as they turn back; "and the last day of the week is Christmas Eve."

"You may be certain of me, sir."

The echoes were favorable at those points, but as the two approach, the sound of their talking becomes confused again. The word "confidence," shattered by the echoes, but still capable of being pieced together, is uttered by Mr. Crisparkle. As they draw still nearer, this fragment of a reply is heard: "Not deserved yet, but shall be, sir." As they turn away again, Jasper hears his own name, in connection with the words from Mr. Crisparkle: "Remember that I said I answered for you confidently." Then the sound of their talk becomes confused again; they halting for a little while, and some earnest action on the part of Neville succeeding. When they move once more, Mr. Crisparkle is seen to look up at the sky, and to point before him. They then slowly disappear; passing out into the moonlight at the opposite end of the Corner.

It is not until they are gone, that Mr. Jasper moves. But then he turns to Durdles, and bursts into a fit of laughter. Durdles, who still has that suspended something in his cheek, and who sees nothing to laugh at, stares at him until Mr. Jasper lays his face down on his arms to have his laugh out. Then Durdles bolts the something, as if desperately resigning himself to indigestion.

When Mr. Jasper and Durdles pause to glance around them, before descending into the Crypt by a small side door of which the latter has a key, the whole expanse of moonlight in their view is utterly deserted.

They enter, locking themselves in, descend the rugged steps, and are down in the Crypt.

They are to ascend the great Tower. On the steps by which they rise to the Cathedral, Durdles pauses for new store of breath. He seats himself upon a step. Mr. Jasper seats himself upon another. The odor from the wicker bottle (which has somehow passed into Durdles's keeping) soon intimates that the cork has been taken out.

"This is good stuff, Mister Jasper?"

"It is very good stuff, I hope. I bought it on purpose."

"They don't show, you see, the old uns don't, Mister Jasper?"

"But do you think there may be Ghosts of other things, though not of men and women?"

"What things?"

"Sounds."

"What sounds?"

"Cries."

"What cries do you mean? Chairs to mend?"

"No. I mean screeches. 'Now, I'll tell you, Mister Jasper. Wait a bit till I put the bottle right.' Here the cork is evidently taken out again, and replaced again. 'There! Now it's right. This time last year, only a few days later, I happened to have been doing what was correct by the season, in the way of giving it the welcome it had a right to expect, when them town-boys set on me at their worst. At length I gave 'em the slip, and turned in here. And here I fell asleep. And what woke me? The ghost of a cry. The ghost of one terrific shriek, which shriek was followed by the ghost of the howl of a dog: a long dismal woeful howl, such as a dog gives when a person's dead. That was my last Christmas Eve.'

"What do you mean?" is the very abrupt, and, one might say, fierce retort.

"I mean that I made inquiries everywhere about, and that no living ears but mine heard either that cry or that howl. So I say they were both ghosts; though why they came to me, I've never made out."

"I thought you were another kind of man," says Jasper, scornfully.

"So I thought, myself," answers Durdles with his usual composure; "and yet I was picked out for it."

Jasper had risen suddenly, when he asked him what he meant, and he now says, "Come; we shall freeze here; lead the way."

Durdles complies, not over steadily; opens the door at the top of the steps with the key he has already used; and so emerges on the Cathedral level, in a passage at the side of the chancel. Jasper fumbles among his pockets for a key confided to him that will open an iron gate so to enable them to pass to the staircase of the great tower.

"That and the bottle are enough for you to carry," he says, giving it to Durdles; "hand your bundle to me; I am younger and longer-winded than you."

Their way lies through strange places. Twice or thrice they emerge into level, low-arched galleries, whence they can look down into the moonlit nave; and where Durdles, waving his lantern, shows the dim angels' heads upon the corbels of the roof, seeming to watch their progress. At last, leaving their light behind a stair—for it blows fresh up here—they look down on Cloisterham, fair to see in the moonlight.

Once again, an unaccountable expedition this! Jasper contemplates the scene, and especially that stillest part of it which the Cathedral overshadows. But he contemplates Durdles quite as curiously, and Durdles is by times conscious of his watchful eyes.

Only by times, because Durdles is growing drowsy. And Durdles charges himself with more liquid from the wicker bottle, that he may come down the better.

The iron gate attained and locked—they descend into the Crypt again, with the intent of issuing forth as they entered. But, while returning among those lanes of light, Durdles becomes so very uncertain, both of foot and speech, that he half drops, half throws himself down, by one of the heavy pillars, scarcely less heavy than itself, and indistinctly appeals to his companion for forty winks of a second each.

"If you will have it so, or must have it so," replies Jasper, "I'll not leave you here. Take them, while I walk to and fro."

Durdles is asleep at once.

"Holloa!" Durdles cries out.

"Awake at last?" says Jasper, coming up to him. "Do you know that your forties have stretched into thousands?"

"No."

"They have, though."

"What's the time?"

"Hark! The bells are going in the Tower!"

They strike four quarters, and then the great bell strikes.

"Two!" cries Durdles, scrambling up; "why didn't you try to wake me, Mister Jasper?"

"I did. I might as well have tried to wake the dead—your own family of dead, up in the corner there."

"Did you touch me?"

"Touch you? Yes. Shook you."

As Durdles recalls that touching something in his dream, he looks down on the pavement, and sees the key of the crypt door lying close to where he himself lay.

"I dropped you, did I?" he says, picking it up, and recalling that part of his dream.

"Well?" says Jasper, "are you quite ready? Pray don't hurry."

"Let me get my bundle right, Mister Jasper, and I'm with you."

As he ties it afresh, he is once more conscious that he is very narrowly observed.

"What do you suspect me of, Mister Jasper?" he asks, with drunken displeasure. "Let them as has any suspicions of Durdles, name 'em."

"I've no suspicions of you, my good Mr. Durdles; but I have suspicions that my bottle was filled with something stiffer than either of us supposed."

They both pass out, and Durdles relocks it, and pockets his key.

"A thousand thanks for a curious and interesting night," says Jasper, giving him his hand; "you can make your own way home?"

"I should think so!" answers Durdles. "If you was to offer Durdles the affront to show him his way home, he wouldn't go home."

Durdles wouldn't go home till morning, and then Durdles wouldn't go home.

Durdles wouldn't. This, with the utmost defiance.

"Good-night, then."

"Good-night, Mister Jasper."

Each is turning his own way, when a sharp whistle rends the silence, and the jargon is yelled out:

"Widdy widdy wen!"

"I-ke-ches-im-out-ar-ter-ten, Widdy widdy widdy!"

"Then—don't—go—then—I—shy— Widdy Widdy Wake-cock warning!"

Instantly afterward, a rapid fire of stones rattles at the cathedral wall, and the hideous small boy is beheld opposite, dancing in the moonlight.

"What! Is that baby-devil on the watch there?" cries Jasper in a fury: so quickly roused, and so violent, that he seems an older devil himself.

"I shall shed the blood of that Impish wretch! I know I shall do it! He followed us to-night, when we first came here!"

"Yer lie, I didn't!" replies Deputy, in his one form of polite contradiction.

"He has been prowling near us ever since!"

"Yer lie, I haven't!" returns Deputy. "I'd only just come out for my 'elt when I see you two a coming out of the Kinfreederel. If—"

"I-ke-ches-im-out-ar-ter-ten,"

"It ain't my fault, is it?"

"Take him home, then," retorts Jasper, ferociously, though with a strong check upon himself, "and let my eyes be rid of the sight of you!"

Deputy with another sharp whistle, at once expressing his relief, and his commencement of a milder stoning of Mr. Durdles, begins stoning that respectable gentleman home, as if he were a reluctant ox. Mr. Jasper goes to his Gate-House, brooding. And thus, the unaccountable expedition comes to an end—for the time.

XIII.

MISS TWINKLETON'S establishment was about to undergo a serene hush. The Christmas recess was at hand. If Rosebud in her bower now waited Edwin Drood's coming with an uneasy heart, Edwin for his part was uneasy too.

"I will be guided by what she says, and by how we get on," was his decision, walking from the Gate-House to the Nuns' House. "Whatever comes of it, I will bear his words in mind, and try to be true to the living and the dead."

Rosa was dressed for walking. She expected him. It was a bright frosty day, and Miss Twinkleton had graciously sanctioned fresh air.

"My dear Eddy," said Rosa, when they had got among the quiet walks in the neighborhood of the Cathedral and the river, "I want to say something very serious to you. I have been thinking about it for a long, long time."

"I want to be serious with you too, Rosa dear. I mean to be serious and earnest."

"Thank you, Eddy. And you will not think me unkind because I begin, will you? I know you are generous!"

He said, "I hope I am not ungenerous to you, Rosa."

"And there is no fear," pursued Rosa, "of our quarrelling, is there? Because, Eddy," clasping her hand on his arm, "we have so much reason to be very lenient to each other!"

"We will be, Rosa."

"That's a dear good boy! Eddy, let us be courageous. Let us change to brother and sister from this day forth."

"Never be husband and wife?"

"Never!"

Neither spoke again for a little while. But after that pause he said, with some effort:

"Of course I know that this has been in both our minds, Rosa, and of course I am in honor bound to confess freely that it does not originate with you."

"No, nor with you, dear," she returned, with pathetic earnestness. "It has sprung up between us. You are not truly happy in our engagement; I am not truly happy in it. Oh, I am so sorry, so sorry!" And there she broke into tears.

"I am deeply sorry too, Rosa. Deeply sorry for you."

"And I for you, poor boy! And I for you! But you know," continued Rosa, innocently, "you couldn't like me then; and you can always like me now, for I shall not be a drag upon you, or a worry to you. And I can always like you now, and your sister will not tease or trifle with you. My guardian came down to prepare for my leaving the Nuns' House. I tried to hint to him that I was not quite settled in my mind, but I hesitated and failed, and he didn't understand me. But I resolved to speak to you the next moment we were alone, and grave. And oh, I am very, very sorry!"

Her full heart broke into tears again. He put his arm about her waist, and they walked by the river-side together.

"Your guardian has spoken to me too, Rosa dear. I saw him before I left London." His right hand was in his breast, seeking the ring; but he checked it as he thought, "If I am to take it back, why should I tell her of it?"

"The dear girls will be dreadfully disappointed," added Rosa, laughing, with the dew-drops glistening in her bright eyes. "They have looked forward to it so, poor pets!"

"Ah! But I fear it will be a worse disappointment to Jack," said Edwin Drood, with a start.

"I never thought of Jack!"

Her swift and intent look at him as he said the words could no more be recalled than a flash of lightning can.

"How shall I tell Jack?" said Edwin, ruminating. If he had been less occupied with the thought, he must have seen her singular emotion.

"I never thought of Jack. It must be broken to him, before the town-crier knows it. I dine with the dear fellow to-morrow and next day—Christmas Eve and Christmas Day—but it would never do to spoil his feast days. He always worries about me, and maddley-coddles in the merest trifles. The news is sure to over-set him. How on earth shall this be broken to Jack?"

"He must be told, I suppose?" said Rosa.

"My dear Rosa! Who ought to be in our confidence, if not Jack?"

"My guardian promised to come down, if I should write and ask him. I am going to do so. Would you like to leave it to him?"

"A bright idea!" cried Edwin. "The other trustee. Nothing more natural. He comes down, he goes to Jack, he relates what we have agreed upon, and he states our case better than we could. That's it. I am not a coward, Rosa, but to tell you a secret, I am a little afraid of Jack."

"No, no! You are not afraid of him?" cried Rosa, turning white and clasping her hands.

"What I mean is, that he is subject to a kind of paroxysm, or fit—I saw him in it once—and I don't know but that so great a surprise, coming upon him direct from me, whom he is so wrapped up in, might bring it on perhaps."

And now, Edwin Drood's right hand closed again upon the ring in its little case, and again was checked by the consideration: "It is certain, now, that I am to give it back to him; then why should I tell her of it?" That pretty, sympathetic nature, would be grieved by those sorrowful jewels; and to what purpose?

Let them be. Let them lie unspoken of, in his breast. Among the mighty store of wonderful chains that are for ever forging, day and night, in the vast iron-works of time and circumstance, there was one chain forged in the moment of that small conclusion, riveted to the foundations of heaven and earth, and gifted with invincible force to hold and drag.

"I will prepare Jack for my fitting soon," said Edwin, in a low voice.

"God bless you, dear! Good-by!"

"God bless you, dear! Good-by!"

They kissed each other, fervently.

"Now, please take me home, Eddy, and let me be by myself."

"Don't look round, Rosa," he cautioned her, as he drew her arm through his, and led her away.

"Didn't you see Jack?"

"No! Where?"

"Under the trees. He saw us, as we took leave of each other. Poor fellow! he little thinks we have parted. This will be a blow to him, I am much afraid!"

She hurried on, without resting, and hurried, on until they had passed under the Gate-House into the street; once there, she asked, "Has he followed us? You can look without seeming to. Is he behind?"

"No. Yes! he is! He has just passed out under the gateway. The dear sympathetic old fellow likes to keep us in sight. I am afraid he will be bitterly disappointed!"

She pulled hurriedly at the handle of the hoarse old bell, and the gate soon opened. Before going in, she gave him one last wide wondering look, as if she would have asked him with imploring emphasis: "Oh! don't you understand?" And out of that look he vanished from her view.

XIV.

NEVILLE LANDLESS, absolved from his books by Mr. Crisparkle, turns to his wardrobe, selects a few articles of ordinary wear, and packs these in a knapsack, tries a heavy walking-stick, strong in the handle for the grip of the hand, and iron-shod, then leaves the house.

Twice he passes the Gate-House, reluctant to enter. At length with a rapid turn he hurries in. And so he goes up the postern stair.

Edwin Drood passes a solitary day.

He strolls about and about, to pass the time until the dinner-hour. As dusk draws on, he paces the Monks' Vineyard, and he becomes aware of a woman crouching on the ground near a wicket-gate in a corner. He strikes into that path, and walks up to the wicket. By the light of a lamp near it, he sees that the woman is of a haggard appearance, and that her weazen chin is resting on her hands, and that her eyes are staring before her.

"Are you ill?" he says.

"No, deary," she answers.

"Are you blind?"
"No, deary."
By slow and stiff efforts, she appears to contract her vision until it can rest upon him; and then a curious film passes over her, and she begins to shake.

"Good Heaven!" he thinks. "Like Jack that night!"

"Where do you come from?"
"Come from London, deary."

"Where are you going to?"
"Back to London, deary. I came here, looking for a needle in a haystack, and I ain't found it. Look-ee, deary; give me three and sixpence, and don't you be afeard for me. I'll get back to London then, and trouble no one. I'm in a business.—Ah, me! It's slack, it's slack, and times is very bad!—but I can make a shift to live by it."

"Do you eat opium?"
"Smokes it," she replies with difficulty, still racked by her cough. "Give me three and sixpence, and I'll lay it out well, and get back, and deary, I'll tell you something."

He counts the money from his pocket, and puts it in her hand.

"Bless ye! Harkee, dear genl'mn. What's your Chris'en name?"
"Edwin."

"Edwin, Edwin," she repeats; "is the short of that name, Eddy?"

"It is sometimes called so," he replies, with the color starting to his face.

"Don't sweethearts call it so?" she asks, pondering.

"How should I know?"
"Haven't you a sweetheart, upon your soul?"
"None."

She is moving away with another "Bless ye, and thank-ee, deary!" when he adds, "You were to tell me something; you may as well do so."

"So I was, so I was. Well, then, whisper. You be thankful that your name ain't Ned."

He looks at her, quite steadily, as he asks, "Why?"

"Because it's a bad name to have just now."

"How a bad name?"
"A threatened name. A dangerous name."

"The proverb says that threatened men live long," he tells her, lightly.

"Then Ned—so threatened is he, wherever he may be while I am talking to you, deary—should live to all eternity!" replies the woman.

She has leaned forward, to say it in his ear, with her forefinger shaking before his eyes, and now huddles herself together, and with another "Bless ye, and thank-ee!" goes away in the direction of the Travelers' Lodging House.

And so he goes up the postern stair.

John Jasper returning from his lessons, retraces his steps to the cathedral door, and turns down past it to the Gate-House. He sings, in a low voice and with delicate expression, as he walks along. Arriving thus, under the arched entrance of his dwelling, he pauses for an instant in the shelter to pull off a great black scarf, he has worn all day, and hang it in a loop upon his arm. For that brief time, his face is knitted and stern. But it immediately clears, as he resumes his singing, and his way.

All through the night the wind blows, and abates not. But early in the morning when there is barely enough light in the east to dim the stars, it begins to lull.

It is then seen that the hands of the Cathedral clock are torn off; that lead from the roof has been stripped away, rolled up, and blown into the Close; and that some stones have been displaced upon the summit of the great tower. Christmas morning though it be, it is necessary to send up workmen, to ascertain the extent of the damage done. These, led by Durdles, go aloft; while Mr. Tope and a crowd of early idlers gather down in Minor Canon Corner, shading their eyes and watching for their appearance up there.

This cluster is suddenly broken and put aside by the hands of Mr. Jasper; all the gazing eyes are brought down to the earth by his loudly inquiring of Mr. Crisparkle, at an open window, "Where is my nephew?"

"He has not been here. Is he not with you?"

"No. He went down to the river last night, with Mr. Neville, to look at the storm, and has not been back. Call Mr. Neville!"

"He left this morning, early."

"Left this morning early. Let me in, let me in!"

There is no more looking up at the tower, now. All the assembled eyes are turned on Mr. Jasper, white, half-dressed, panting, and clinging to the rail before the Minor Canon's house.

XV.

NEVILLE LANDLESS had started so early and walked at so good a pace, that when the church bells began to ring in Cloisterham for morning service, he was eight miles away. He was laboring along, when he became aware of four other pedestrians behind him. When they all ranged out from the narrow track upon the open slope of the heath, and this order was maintained, let him diverge as he would to either side, there was no longer room to doubt that he was beset by these fellows. He stopped, as a last test; and they all stopped.

"Why do you attend upon me in this way?" he asked the whole body. "Are you a pack of thieves?"

"Don't answer him," said one of the number; he did not see which. "Better be quiet."

"Better be quiet?" repeated Neville. "Who said so?"

Shouldering his heavy stick, and quickening his pace, he shot on to pass ahead. The largest and strongest man of the number changed swiftly to the side on which he came up, and dexterously closed with him and went down with him; but not before the heavy stick had descended smartly.

After a little rolling about, in a close scuffle, which caused the faces of both to be besmeared with blood, the man took his knee from Neville's

chest, and rose, saying: "There! Now take him arm-in-arm, any two of you!"

It was immediately done.

Utterly bewildered, Neville stared around him and said not a word. Walking between his two conductors, who held his arms in theirs, he went on, as in a dream, until they came again into the high road, and into the midst of a little group of people. The men who had turned back were among the group, and its central figures were Mr. Jasper and Mr. Crisparkle.

"What is all this, sir? What is the matter? I feel as if I had lost my senses!" cried Neville, the group closing in around him.

"Where is my nephew?" asked Mr. Jasper, wildly.

"Where is your nephew?" repeated Neville.

"Why do you ask me?"

"I ask you," retorted Jasper, "because you were the last person in his company, and he is not to be found."

"Not to be found?" cried Neville, aghast.

"Stay, stay," said Mr. Crisparkle. "Permit me, Jasper. Mr. Neville, you are confounded; collect your thoughts; it is of great importance that you should collect your thoughts; attend to me."

"I will try, sir, but I seem mad."

"You left Mr. Jasper's last night, with Edwin Drood?"

"Yes."

"At what hour?"

"Was it at twelve o'clock?" asked Neville, with his hand to his confused head, and appealing to Jasper.

"Quite right," said Mr. Crisparkle; "the hour Mr. Jasper has already named to me. You went down to the river together?"

"Undoubtedly. To see the action of the wind there."

"What followed? How long did you stay there?"

"About ten minutes; I should say not more. We then walked together to your house, and he took leave of me at the door."

"Did he say that he was going down to the river again?"

"No. He said that he was going straight back."

The bystanders looked at one another, and at Mr. Crisparkle. To whom, Mr. Jasper, who had been intensely watching Neville, said, in a low, distinct, suspicious voice, "What are those stains upon his dress?"

All eyes were turned toward the blood upon his clothes.

"And here are the same stains upon this stick?" said Jasper, taking it from the hand of the man who held it. "I know the stick to be his, and he carried it last night. What does this mean?"

"In the name of God, say what it means, Neville!" urged Mr. Crisparkle.

"That man and I," said Neville, pointing out his late adversary, "had a struggle for the stick just now, and you may see the same marks on him, sir."

"We must return, Neville," said Mr. Crisparkle; "of course you will be glad to come back to clear yourself?"

"Of course, sir."

They set forth on the walk back; but Neville spoke no word until they stood in Mr. Sapsea's parlor.

Mr. Sapsea expressed his opinion that the case had a dark look. He wavered whether or no he should at once issue his warrant for the commitment of Neville Landless to jail, under circumstances of grave suspicion; and he might have gone so far as to do it but for the indignant protest of the Minor Canon, who undertook for the young man's remaining in his own house, and being produced by his own hands, whenever demanded. Mr. Jasper then understood Mr. Sapsea to suggest that the river should be dragged, that its banks should be rigidly examined, that particulars of the disappearance should be sent to all outlying places and to London, and that placards and advertisements should be widely circulated imploring Edwin Drood, if for any unknown reason he had withdrawn himself from his uncle's home and society, to take pity on that loving kinsman's sore bereavement and distress, and somehow inform him that he was yet alive. Mr. Sapsea was perfectly understood, for this was exactly his meaning (though he had said nothing about it); and measures were taken toward all these ends immediately.

It would be difficult to determine which was the more oppressed with horror and amazement, Neville Landless or John Jasper. But that Jasper's position forced him to be active, while Neville's forced him to be passive, there would have been nothing to choose between them. Each was bowed down and broken.

With the earliest light of the next morning, men were at work upon the river, and other men—most of whom volunteered for the service—were examining the banks. All the livelong day the search went on; upon the river, with barge and pole, and drag and net; upon the muddy and rushy shore, with jack-boots, hatchet, spade, rope, dogs, and all imaginable appliances. Even at night the river was specked with lanterns, and lurid with fires; far-off creeks, into which the tide washed as it changed, had their knots of watchers, listening to the lapping of the stream, and looking out for any burden it might bear; remote shingly causeways near the sea, and lonely points off which there was a race of water, had their unwonted flaring cressets and rough-coated figures when the next day dawned; but no trace of Edwin Drood revisited the light of the sun.

All that day, again, the search went on. Now, in barge and boat; and now ashore among the osiers, or tramping amidst mud and stakes and jagged stones in low-lying places, where solitary watermarks and signals of strange shapes showed like spectres, John Jasper worked and toiled. But to no purpose; for still no trace of Edwin Drood revisited the light of the sun.

Setting his watches for that night again, so that vigilant eyes should be kept on every change of tide, he went home exhausted. Unkempt and disordered, bedaubed with mud that

had dried upon him, and with much of his clothing torn to rags, he had but just dropped into his easy-chair, when Mr. Grewgious stood before him.

"This is strange news," said Mr. Grewgious. "Strange and fearful news."

Jasper had merely lifted up his heavy eyes to say it, and now dropped them again as he drooped, worn out, over one side of his easy-chair.

Mr. Grewgious smoothed his head and face, and stood looking at the fire.

"How is your ward?" asked Jasper, after a time, in a faint, fatigued voice.

"Poor little thing! You may imagine her condition."

"Have you seen his sister?" inquired Jasper, as before.

"Whose?"

"The suspected young man's."

"Do you suspect him?" asked Mr. Grewgious.

"I don't know what to think. I cannot make up my mind."

"Nor I," said Mr. Grewgious. "But as you spoke of him as the suspected young man, I thought you had made up your mind. However," pursued Mr. Grewgious, "I have a communication to make that will surprise you. At least, it has surprised me."

Jasper, with a groaning sigh, turned wearily in his chair.

"Shall I put it off till to-morrow?" said Mr. Grewgious. "Mind! I warn you, that I think it will surprise you!"

"What is it?" demanded Jasper, becoming upright in his chair.

Mr. Grewgious, alternately opening and shutting the palms of his hands as he warmed them at the fire, and looking fixedly at him sideways, went on to reply:

"This young couple, the lost youth and Miss Rosa, my ward, though so long betrothed, and so long recognizing their betrothal, and so near being married—"

Mr. Grewgious saw a staring white face, and two quivering white lips, in the easy-chair, and saw two muddy hands gripping its sides. But for the hands, he might have thought he had never seen the face.

"—This young couple came gradually to the discovery (made on both sides pretty equally, I think), that they would be happier and better, both in their present and their future lives, as affectionate friends, or say rather as brother and sister, than as husband and wife."

Mr. Grewgious saw a lead-colored face in the easy-chair, and on its surface dreadful starting drops or bubbles, as if of steel.

"This young couple formed at length the healthy resolution of interchanging their discoveries, openly, sensibly, and tenderly. They met for that purpose. After some innocent, and generous talk, they agreed to dissolve their existing, and their intended, relations, for ever and ever."

Mr. Grewgious saw a ghastly figure rise, open-mouthed, from the easy-chair, and lift its outspread hands toward its head.

"One of this young couple, and that one your nephew, fearful, however, that in the tenderness of your affection for him you would be bitterly disappointed by so wide a departure from his projected life, forbore to tell you the secret, for a few days, and left it to be disclosed by me, when I should come down to speak to you, and he would be gone. I speak to you, and he is gone."

Mr. Grewgious saw the ghastly figure throw back its head, clutch its hair with its hands, and turn with a writhing action from him.

"I have now said all I have to say, except that this young couple parted, firmly, though not without tears and sorrow, on the evening when you last saw them together."

Mr. Grewgious heard a terrible shriek, and saw no ghastly figure, sitting or standing; saw nothing but a heap of torn and mired clothes upon the floor.

Not changing his action even then, he opened and shut the palms of his hands as he warmed them, and looked down at it.

XVI.

Now, it fell out that Mr. Crisparkle, very much troubled on behalf of the young man whom he held as a kind of prisoner in his own house, took a memorable night walk.

He walked to Cloisterham Weir.

"How did I come here?" was his first thought, as he stopped.

"Why did I come here?" was his second.

Then he stood intently listening to the water. It was starlight. The Weir was full two miles above the spot to which the young men had repaired to watch the storm. No search had been made up here, for the tide had been running strongly down, at that time of the night of Christmas Eve, and the likeliest places for the discovery of a body, if a fatal accident had happened under such circumstances, all lay—both when the tide ebbed, and when it flowed again—between that spot and the sea. He got closer to the Weir, and peered at its well-known posts and timbers. Nothing in the least unusual was remotely shadowed forth. But he resolved that he would come back early in the morning.

The Weir ran through his broken sleep, all night, and he was back again at sunrise. It was a bright frosty morning. The whole composition before him, when he stood where he had stood last night, was clearly discernible in its minutest details. He had surveyed it closely for some minutes, and was about to withdraw his eyes, when they were attracted keenly to one spot.

He turned his back upon the Weir, and looked far away at the sky, and at the earth, and then looked again at that one spot. It caught his sight again immediately, and he concentrated his vision upon it. It fascinated his sight. His hands began plucking off his coat. For it struck him that at that spot—a corner of the Weir—something glistened, which did not move and come over with the glistening water-drops, but remained stationary.

He assured himself of this, he threw off his clothes, he plunged into the icy water, and swam for the spot. Climbing the timbers, he took from them, caught among their interstices by its chain, a gold watch, bearing engraved upon its back, E. D.

He brought the watch to the bank, swam to the Weir again, climbed it, and dived off. He knew every hole and corner of all the depths, and dived and dived and dived, until he could bear the cold no more. His notion was that he would find the body; he only found a shirt-pin sticking in some mud and ooze.

With these discoveries he returned to Cloisterham, and, taking Neville Landless with him, went straight to the Mayor. Mr. Jasper was sent for, the watch and shirt-pin were identified, Neville was detained, and the wildest frenzy and fatuity of evil report arose against him.

He had notoriously threatened the lost young man. He had armed himself with an offensive weapon for the fatal night, and he had gone off early in the morning, after making preparations for departure. He had been found with traces of blood on him; truly, they might have been wholly caused as he represented, but they might not also. On a search-warrant being issued for the examination of his room, clothes, and so forth, it was discovered that he had destroyed all his papers, and re-arranged all his possessions, on the very afternoon of the disappearance. The watch found at the Weir was challenged by the jeweler as one he had wound and set for Edwin Drood, at twenty minutes past two on that same afternoon; and it had run down, before being cast into the water; and it was the jeweler's positive opinion that it had never been re-wound. This would justify the hypothesis that the watch was taken from him not long after he left Mr. Jasper's house at midnight, in company with the last person seen with him, and that it had been thrown away after being retained some hours. Why thrown away? If he had been murdered, and so artfully disguised, or concealed, or both, as that the murderer hoped identification to be impossible, except from something that he wore, assuredly the murderer would seek to remove from the body the most lasting, the best known, and the most easily recognizable things upon it. Those things would be the watch and shirt-pin. As to his opportunities of casting them into the river, if he were the object of these suspicions, they were easy. For, he had been seen by many persons, wandering about on that side of the city—indeed, on all sides of it—in a miserable and seemingly half-distracted manner.

On the suspicions thus urged and supported, Neville was detained and re-detained, and the search was pressed on every hand, and Jasper labored night and day. But nothing more was found. No discovery being made which proved the lost man to be dead, it at length became necessary to release the person suspected of having made away with him. Neville was set at large. Then, a consequence ensued which Mr. Crisparkle had too well foreseen. Neville must leave the place, for the place shunned him and cast him out.

So, Minor Canon Row knew Neville Landless no more; and he went whithersoever he would, or could, with a blight upon his name and fame.

It was not until then that John Jasper silently resumed his place in the choir. Haggard and red-eyed, his hopes plainly had deserted him, his sanguine mood was gone, and all his worst misgivings had come back. A day or two afterward, while unrobing, he took his Diary from a pocket of his coat, turned the leaves, and with an impressive look, and without one spoken word, handed his entry to Mr. Crisparkle to read:

"My dear boy is murdered. The discovery of the watch and shirt-pin convinces me that he was murdered that night, and that his jewelry was taken from him to prevent identification by its means. All the detective hopes I had founded on his separation from his betrothed wife, I give to the winds. They perish before this fatal discovery. I now swear, I do record the oath on this page, that I never more will discuss this mystery with any human creature, until I hold the clue to it in my hand. That I never will relax in my secrecy or in my search. That I will fasten the crime of the murder of my dear dead boy upon the murderer. And that I devote myself to his destruction."

XVII.

FULL half a year had gone when Mr. Crisparkle took himself to Staple Inn, but not to Mr. Grewgious. Full many a creaking stair he climbed before he reached some attic rooms in a corner, turned the latch of their unbolted door, and stood beside the table of Neville Landless.

"How goes it, Neville?"

"I am in good heart, Mr. Crisparkle, and working away."

"I wish your eyes were not quite so large, and not quite so bright," said the Minor Canon, slowly releasing the hand he had taken in his.

"They brighten at the sight of you," returned Neville. "If you were to fall away from me, they would soon be dull enough."

"Rally, rally!" urged the other, in a stimulating tone. "Fight for it, Neville!"

"If I could have changed my name," said Neville, "I would have done so. But as you wisely pointed out to me, I can't do that, for it would look like guilt. The ordinary fullness of time and circumstance is all I have to trust to."

"It will right you at last, Neville."

"So I believe, and I hope I may live to know it."

"I am guiding myself by the advice of such a friend and helper as you have been to me. Such a good friend and helper!"

He took the fortifying hand from his shoulder and kissed it.

"Next week," said Mr. Crisparkle, "you will cease to be alone, and will have a devoted companion."

"And yet," returned Neville, "this seems an uncongenial place to bring my sister to."

"I don't think so," said the Minor Canon. "There is duty to be done here; and there are womanly feeling, sense, and courage wanted here. Your sister has learnt how to govern

what is proud in her nature. Every day and hour of her life since Edwin Dood's disappearance, she has faced malignity and folly—for you—as only a brave nature well directed can.

"I will do all I can to imitate her," said Neville.

And then Mr. Crisparkle ran across to see Mr. Grewgious.

"How do you do, reverend sir?" said Mr. Grewgious, "and how is your charge getting on over the way in the set that I had the pleasure of recommending to you as vacant and eligible?"

Mr. Crisparkle replied suitably.

"And how did you leave Mr. Jasper, reverend sir?" said Mr. Grewgious.

Mr. Crisparkle had left him pretty well.

"And where did you leave Mr. Jasper, reverend sir?"

Mr. Crisparkle had left him at Cloisterham.

"And when did you leave Mr. Jasper, reverend sir?"

That morning.

"Umps!" said Mr. Grewgious. "He didn't say he was coming, perhaps?"

"Coming where?"

"Anywhere, for instance?" said Mr. Grewgious.

"No."

"Because here he is," said Mr. Grewgious, who had asked all these questions, with his pre-occupied glance directed out at window. "And he don't look agreeable, does he?"

Mr. Crisparkle was craning toward the window, when Mr. Grewgious added, "If you will kindly step round here behind me, in the gloom of the room, and will cast your eye at the second-floor landing window, in yonder house, I think you will hardly fail to see a slinking individual in whom I recognize our local friend."

"You are right!" cried Mr. Crisparkle.

"Umps!" said Mr. Grewgious. Then he added, turning his face so abruptly that his head nearly came into collision with Mr. Crisparkle's, "What should you say that our local friend was up to?"

The last passage he had been shown in the Diary returned on Mr. Crisparkle's mind with the force of a strong recoil, and he asked Mr. Grewgious if he thought it possible that Neville was to be harassed by the keeping of a watch upon him?

"A watch," repeated Mr. Grewgious, musingly. "Ay!"

"Which would not only of itself haunt and torture his life," said Mr. Crisparkle, warmly, "but would expose him to the torment of a perpetually reviving suspicion, whatever he might do, or wherever he might go?"

"Ay!" said Mr. Grewgious, musingly still.

"Do I see him waiting for you?"

"No doubt you do."

"Then would you have the goodness to excuse my getting up to see you out, and to take no notice of our local friend?" said Mr. Grewgious.

"I entertain a sort of fancy for having him under my eye to-night, do you know?"

Mr. Crisparkle with a significant nod complied, and rejoining Neville, went away with him. They dined together, and parted at the yet unfinished and undeveloped railway station, Mr. Crisparkle to get home; Neville to walk the streets, cross the bridges, make a wide round of the city in the friendly darkness, and tire himself out.

XVIII.

AT about this time, a stranger appeared in Cloisterham; a white-haired personage with black eyebrows. Being buttoned up in a tight-fitting blue surcoat, with a buff waistcoat and grey trousers, he had something of a military air; but he announced himself at the Crozier (the orthodox hotel, where he put up with a port-manteau) as an idle dog who lived upon his means; and he further announced that he had a mind to take a lodging in the picturesque old city for a month or two, with a view of settling down there altogether.

This gentleman's white head was unusually large, and his shock of white hair was unusually thick and ample. "I suppose, waiter," he said, "that a fair lodging for a single buffer might be found in these parts, eh?"

The waiter had no doubt of it.

"Something old," said the gentleman. "Take my hat down for a moment from that peg, will you? No, I don't want it; look into it. What do you see written there?"

The waiter read, "Datchery?"

"Now you know my name," said the gentleman; "Dick Datchery. Hang it up again. I was saying something old is what I should prefer, something odd and out of the way; something venerable, architectural, and inconvenient."

"We have a good choice of inconvenient lodgings in the town, sir, I think," replied the waiter, with modest confidence in its resources that way. "But a architectural lodging?" That seemed to trouble the waiter's head, and he shook it.

"Anything Cathedral now?" Mr. Datchery suggested.

"Mr. Tope," said the waiter, brightening, as he rubbed his chin with his hand, "would be the likeliest party to inform in that line."

"Who is Mr. Tope?" inquired Dick Datchery. The waiter explained that he was the Verger, and that Mrs. Tope had indeed once upon a time let lodgings herself.

"I'll call on Mrs. Tope," said Mr. Datchery, "after dinner."

So when he had done his dinner he was duly directed to the spot, and sallied out for it.

As he neared the cathedral, he came upon a fragment of burial-ground in which an unhappy sheep was grazing. Unhappy, because a hideous small boy was stoning it through the railings, and had already lamed it in one leg, and was much excited by the benevolent sportsmanlike purpose of breaking its other three legs, and bringing it down.

"It 'im 'agin!" cried the boy, as the poor creature leaped; "and made a dint in his wool!"

"Let him be!" said Mr. Datchery. "Don't you see you have lamed him?"

"Yer lie," returned the sportsman. "Et 'wen and lamed 'isself. I see 'im do it, and I giv' 'im a shy as a Widdy-warning to 'im not to go a bruin' 'is master's mutton any more."

"Come here."

"I won't. I'll come when yer can ketch me."

"Stay there then, and show me which is Mr. Tope's."

"Ow can I stay here and show you which is Topesess, when Topesess is t'other side the Kinfederal, and over the crossings, and round ever so many corners? Stoop-plid! Y-a-ah!"

"Show me where it is, and I'll give you something."

"Come on, then!"

This brisk dialogue concluded, the boy led the way, and by-and-by stopped at some distance from an arched passage, pointing:

"Lookie yonder. You see that there winder and door?"

"That's Tope's?"

"Yer lie; it ain't. That's Jarsper's."

"Indeed?" said Mr. Datchery, with a second look of some interest.

"Yes, and I ain't agoin' no nearer 'im, I tell yer."

"Why not?"

"Cos I ain't a going to be lifted off my legs and 'ave my braces bust and be choked; not if I knows it, and not by 'im. Wait till I set a jolly good flint a flyin' at the back o' 'is jolly old 'ed some day! Now look t'other side the harch; not the side where Jarsper's door is; t'other side."

"I see."

"A little way in, o' that side, there's a low door, down two steps. That's Topesess with 'is name on a hoval plate."

"Good. See here," said Mr. Datchery, producing a shilling. "You owe me half of this."

"Yer lie; I don't owe yer nothing; I never seen yer."

"I tell you you owe me half of this, because I have no sixpence in my pocket. So the next time you meet me you shall do something else for me, to pay me."

"All right, give us 'old."

"What is your name, and where do you live?"

"Deputy. Travelers' Twopenny, 'cross the green."

Mr. Tope's official dwelling, communicating by an upper stair with Mr. Jasper's (hence Mrs. Tope's attendance on that gentleman), was of very moderate proportions, and partook of the character of a cool dungeon. Two chambers, close as to their atmosphere and swarthy as to their illumination by natural light, were the apartments which Mrs. Tope had so long offered to an unappreciative city. Mr. Datchery, however, was more appreciative. He found the rent moderate, and everything as quaintly inconvenient as he could desire. He agreed therefore to take the lodging then and there, and money down, possession to be had next evening on condition that reference was permitted him to Mr. Jasper as occupying the Gate-House, of which, on the other side of the gateway, the Verger's hole in the wall was an appanage or subsidiary part.

The poor dear gentleman was very solitary and very sad. Mrs. Tope said, but she had no doubt he would "speak for her." Perhaps Mr. Datchery had heard something of what had occurred there last winter?

Mr. Datchery had as confused a knowledge of the event in question, on trying to recall it, as he could well have.

Mr. Jasper proving willing to speak for Mrs. Tope, Mr. Datchery, who had sent up his card, was invited to ascend the postern staircase. The Mayor was there, Mrs. Tope said; but he was not to be regarded in the light of company, as he and Mr. Jasper were great friends.

"I beg pardon," said Mr. Datchery, making a leg with his hat under his arm, as he addressed himself equally to both gentlemen. "But as a buffer living on his means, and having an idea of doing it in this lovely place in peace and quiet, for remaining span of life, beg to ask if the Tope family are quite respectable?"

Mr. Jasper could answer for that without the slightest hesitation.

"That is enough, sir," said Mr. Datchery.

"My friend the Mayor," added Mr. Jasper, presenting Mr. Datchery with a courtly motion of his hand toward that potentate; "whose recommendation is actually much more important to a stranger than that of an obscure person like myself, will testify in their behalf, I am sure."

"The Worshipful the Mayor," said Mr. Datchery, with a low bow, "places me under an infinite obligation."

"Very good people, sir, Mr. and Mrs. Tope," said Mr. Sapsea, with condescension. "Very good opinions. Very well behaved. Very respectful. Much approved by the Dean and Chapter. Retired from the Army, sir?" continued Mr. Sapsea.

"His Honor the Mayor does me too much credit," returned Mr. Datchery.

"Navy, sir?" suggested Mr. Sapsea.

"Again," repeated Mr. Datchery, "His Honor the Mayor does me too much credit."

"Diplomacy is a fine profession," said Mr. Sapsea, as a general remark.

"There, I confess, His Honor the Mayor is too many for me," said Mr. Datchery, with an ingenious smile and bow; "even a diplomatic bird must fall to such a gun."

Now, this was very soothing. Here was a gentleman of a great—not to say a grand—address, accustomed to rank and dignity, really setting a fine example how to behave to a Mayor. There was something in that third person style of being spoken to, that Mr. Sapsea found particularly recognizable of his merits and position.

"But I crave pardon," said Mr. Datchery. "His Honor the Mayor will bear with me, if for a moment I have been deluded into occupying his time, and have forgotten the humble claims upon my own, of my hotel, the Crozier."

"Not at all, sir," said Mr. Sapsea. "I am returning home, and if you would like to take

the exterior of our cathedral in your way, I shall be glad to point it out."

"His Honor the Mayor," said Mr. Datchery, "is more than kind and gracious."

"Might I ask His Honor," said Mr. Datchery, "whether that gentleman we have just left is the gentleman of whom I have heard in the neighborhood as being much afflicted by the loss of a nephew, and concentrating his life on avenging the loss?"

"That is the gentleman, John Jasper, sir."

"Would His Honor allow me to inquire whether there are strong suspicions of any one?"

"More than suspicions, sir," returned Mr. Sapsea; "all but certainties."

"Only think now!" cried Mr. Datchery.

"But proof, sir, proof, must be built up stone by stone," said the Mayor. "As I say, the end crowns the work. It is not enough that Justice should be morally certain; she must be immorally certain—legally, that is."

"His Honor," said Mr. Datchery, "reminds me of the nature of the law. Immoral. How true!"

"This is our cathedral, sir," says Mr. Sapsea, pompously.

Then Mr. Datchery admired the cathedral, and Mr. Sapsea pointed it out as if he himself had invented and built it; there were a few details indeed of which he did not approve, but those he glossed over, as if the workmen had made mistakes in his absence. The cathedral disposed of, he led the way by the churchyard, and stopped to extol the beauty of the evening—by chance—in the immediate vicinity of Mrs. Sapsea's epitaph.

"And by-the-by," said Mr. Sapsea, appearing to descend from an elevation to remember it all of a sudden; like Apollo shooting down from Olympus to pick up his forgotten lyre; "that is one of our small lions. The partiality of our people has made it so, and strangers have been seen taking a copy of it now and then. I am not a judge of it myself, for it is a little work of my own. But it was troublesome to turn, sir; I may say, difficult to turn with elegance."

Mr. Datchery became so ecstatic over Mr. Sapsea's composition, that, in spite of his intention to end his days in Cloisterham, and therefore his probably having in reserve many opportunities of copying it, he would have transcribed it into his pocket-book on the spot, but for the slouching toward them of its material producer and perpetrator, Durdles, whom Mr. Sapsea hailed, not sorry to show him a bright example of behavior to superiors.

"Ah, Durdles! This is the mason, sir; one of our Cloisterham worthies; everybody here knows Durdles. Mr. Datchery, Durdles; a gentleman who is going to settle here."

"I wouldn't do it if I was him," growled Durdles. "We're a heavy lot."

"You surely don't speak for yourself, Mr. Durdles," returned Mr. Datchery, "any more than for His Honor."

"Who's His Honor?" demanded Durdles.

"His Honor the Mayor. I suppose a curious stranger might come to see you, and your works, Mr. Durdles, at any odd time?" continued Mr. Datchery.

"Any gentleman is welcome to come and see me any evening if he brings liquor for two with him," returned Durdles, "or if he likes to make it twice two, he'll be doubly welcome."

"I shall come."

The Worshipful and the Worshiper then passed on together until they parted, with many ceremonies, at the Worshipful's door; even then, the Worshiper carried his hat under his arm, and gave his streaming white hair to the breeze.

Said Mr. Datchery to himself that night, as he looked at his white hair in the gas-lighted looking-glass over the coffee-room chimney-piece at the Crozier, and shook it out, "For a single buffer, of an easy temper, living idly on his means, I have had a rather busy afternoon!"

XIX.

AGAIN Miss Twinkleton has delivered her valedictory address, with the accompaniments of white wine and pound cake, and again the young ladies have departed to their several homes. Helena Landless has left the Nuns' House to attend her brother's fortunes, and pretty Rosa is alone.

The Cloisterham gardens blush with ripening fruit.

On the afternoon of this summer's day, when the last cathedral service is done, a servant informs Rosa, to her terror, that Mr. Jasper desires to see her.

If he had chosen his time for finding her at a disadvantage, he could have done no better. Perhaps he has chosen it. Helena Landless is gone, Mrs. Tisher is absent on leave, Miss Twinkleton (in her amateur state of existence) has contributed herself and a veal-pie to a picnic.

"Oh, why, why, why, did you say I was at home!" cries Rosa, helplessly.

The maid replies, that Mr. Jasper never asked the question. That he said he knew she was at home, and begged she might be told that he asked to see her.

"What shall I do, what shall I do?" thinks Rosa, clasping her hands.

Possessed by a kind of desperation, she adds in the next breath that she will come to Mr. Jasper in the garden. She shudders at the thought of being shut up with him in the house; but many of its windows command the garden, and she can be seen as well as heard there, and can shriek in the free air and run away. Such is the wild idea that flutters through her mind.

She has never seen him since the fatal night, except when she was questioned before the Mayor, and then he was present in gloomy watchfulness, as representing his lost nephew and burning to avenge him. She hangs her garden-hat on her arm, and goes out.

He would begin by touching her hand. She feels the intention, and draws her hand back.

His eyes are then fixed upon her, she knows, though her own see nothing but the grass.

"I have been waiting," he begins, "for some time, to be summoned back to my duty near you. The duty of teaching you, serving you as your faithful music-master."

"I have left off that study."

"Not left off, I think. Discontinued. I was told by your guardian that you discontinued it under the shock that we have all felt so acutely. When will you resume?"

"Never, sir."

"Never? You could have done no more if you had loved my dear boy."

"I did love him!" cried Rosa, with a flash of anger.

"Yes; but not quite—not quite in the right way; shall I say? Not in the intended and expected way."

She sits in the same still attitude, but shrinking a little more.

"Then, to be told that you discontinued your study with me, was to be politely told that you abandoned it altogether?" he suggested.

"Yes," says Rosa, with sudden spirit. "The politeness was my guardian's, not mine. I told him that I was resolved to leave off, and that I was determined to stand by my resolution."

"And you still are?"

"I still am, sir. And I beg not to be questioned any more about it. At all events, I will not answer any more; I have that in my power."

She is so conscious of his looking at her with a gloating admiration of the touch of anger on her, and the fire and animation it brings with it, that even as her spirit rises, it falls again, and she struggles with a sense of shame, affront, and fear, much as she did that night at the piano.

"I will not question you any more, since you object to it so much; I will confess."

"I do not wish to hear you, sir," cries Rosa, rising.

This time he does touch her with his outstretched hand. In shrinking from it, she shrinks into her seat again.

"We must sometimes act in opposition to our wishes," he tells her in a low voice. "You must do so now, or do more harm to others than you can ever set right."

"What harm?"

"Presently, presently. You question me, you see, and surely that's not fair when you forbid me to question you. Nevertheless, I will answer the question presently. Dearest Rosa! Charming Rosa!"

She starts up again.

This time he does not touch her. But his face looks so wicked and menacing, as he stands leaning against the sun-dial—setting, as it were, his black mark upon the very face of day—that her flight is arrested by horror as she looks at him.

"I do not forget how many windows command a view of us," he says, glancing toward them. "I will not touch you again, I will come no nearer to you than I am. Sit down, and there will be no mighty wonder in your music-master's leaning idly against a pedestal and speaking with you, remembering all that has happened, and our shares in it. Sit down, my beloved."

Looking at him with the expression of the instant frozen on her face, she sits down on the seat again.

"Rosa, even when my dear boy was affianced to you, I loved you madly; even when I thought his happiness in having you for his wife was certain, I loved you madly; even when I strove to make him more ardently devoted to you, I loved you madly; when he gave me the picture of your lovely face, I loved you madly. In the distasteful work of the day, in the wakeful misery of the night, girded by sordid realities, or wandering through Paradieses and Hells of visions into which I rushed, carrying your image in my arms, I loved you madly. I endured it all in silence. So long as you were his, or so long as I supposed you to be his, I hid my secret loyally. Did I not?"

This lie so gross, while the mere words in which it is told are so true, is more than Rosa can endure. She answers with kindling indignation: "You were as false throughout, sir, as you are now. You were false to him, daily and hourly. You know that you made my life unhappy by your pursuit of me. You know that you made me afraid to open his generous eyes, and that you forced me, for his own trusting, good, good sake, to keep the truth from him, that you were a bad, bad man!"

His preservation of his easy attitude rendering his working features and his convulsive hands absolutely diabolical, he returns, with a fierce extreme of admiration: "How beautiful you are! You are more beautiful in anger than in repose. I don't ask you for your love; give me yourself and your hatred; give me yourself and that pretty rage; give me yourself and that enchanting scorn; it will be enough for me."

Impatient tears rise to the eyes of the trembling little beauty, and her face flames; but as she again rises to leave him in indignation, and seek protection within the house, he stretches out his hand toward the porch, as though he invited her to enter it.

"I told you, you rare charmer, you sweet witch, that you must stay and hear me, or do more harm than can ever be undone. You asked me what harm. Stay, and I will tell you. Go, and I will do it!"

Again Rosa quails before his threatening face, though innocent of its meaning, and she remains. Her panting breathing comes and goes as if it would choke her; but with a repressive hand upon her bosom she remains.

"I have made my confession that my love is mad. It is so mad that, had the ties between me and my dear lost boy been one silken thread less strong, I might have swept even him from your side when you favored him."

A film comes over the eyes she raises for an instant, as though he had turned her faint.

"Even him," he repeats. "Yes, even him! Rosa, you see me and you hear me. Judge for

yourself whether any other admirer shall love you and live, when his life is in my hand."

In such desperate language Jasper declares his ardent love for her, and threatens, if she does not return it, to hunt young Landless to the scaffold as the murderer of Edwin. Rosa is paralyzed, and listens to him in speechless anguish, trembling to her heart's core.

"I love you, love you, love you," are his last words. "If you were to cast me off now—but you will not—you would never be rid of me. No one should come between us. I would pursue you to the death."

The handmaid coming out to open the gate for him, he quietly pulls off his hat as a parting salute, and goes away with no greater show of agitation than is visible in the effigy of Mr. Sapsea's father opposite. Rosa faints in going upstairs, and is carefully carried to her room, and laid down on her bed. A thunderstorm is coming on, the maids say, and the hot and stifling air has overset the pretty dear; no wonder; they have felt their own knees all of a tremble all day long.

XX.

WHEN Rosa came to herself, and thought of her terrible interview with Jasper, she determined on flight, and wrote a letter to Miss Twinkleton, saying that she had sudden reasons for wishing to see her guardian promptly, and had gone to him; also, entreating the good lady not to be uneasy, for all was well with her. She hurried a few quite useless articles into a very little bag, left the note in a conspicuous place, went out, softly closing the gate after her, and was soon whirling toward London. On arriving there, she immediately repaired to the office of her guardian and told him her agitated story, and received his sympathy and counsel.

After a most extraordinary outburst, Mr. Grewgious, quite beside himself, plunged about the room, to all appearance undecided whether he was in a fit of loyal enthusiasm, or combative denunciation.

He stopped and said, wiping his face: "I beg your pardon, my dear, but you will be glad to know I feel better. Tell me all about it."

XXI.

[DESCRIBES THE MEETING OF MR. CRISPARKLE AND A MR. TARTAR, THEIR RECOGNITION AS OLD FRIENDS, AND INDICATES THE INCEPTION OF A WARM INTEREST BETWEEN ROSA AND MR. TARTAR, AND ARRANGEMENTS ARE MADE FOR ROSA TO VISIT HIM, THAT SHE MAY COMMUNICATE WITH HELENA LANDLESS (WHO LIVES NEXT DOOR) UNSUSPECTED BY JASPER.]

XXII.

MR. TARTAR'S chambers were the neatest, the cleanest, and the best ordered chambers ever seen under the sun, moon, and stars. It was altogether naval in its arrangement and was a perfectly appointed state cabin on dry land.

Mr. Tartar doing the honors, was of a piece with the rest. So Rosa thought, anyhow, that the sunburnt sailor showed to great advantage when, the inspection finished, he delicately withdrew out of his admiral's cabin, beseeching her to consider herself his Queen, and waving her free of his flower-garden.

"Helena! Helena Landless! Are you there?" "Who speaks to me? Not Rosa?" Then a second handsome face appearing.

"Yes, my darling!"

"Why, how did you come here, dearest?" "But Rosa told in a hurry how they came to be together, and all the why and wherefore of that matter."

"We may count on Mr. Tartar's readiness to help us, Rosa?" she inquired.

O yes! Rosa shyly thought so. O yes, Rosa shyly believed she could almost answer for it.

"You see," Helena pursued, "if Mr. Tartar would call to see him openly and often; if he would spare a minute for the purpose, frequently; if he would even do so, almost daily; something might come of it."

Mr. Grewgious soon started off to find a furnished lodging for his pet, his pet accompanying him on the expedition.

At length he bethought himself of a widow, who had once solicited his influence in the lodger world, and who lived in Southampton street, Bloomsbury square.

This lady's name, stated in uncompromising capitals of considerable size on a brass door-plate, and yet not lucidly as to sex or condition, was BILICKIN.

Personal faintness and an overpowering personal candor, were the distinguishing features of Mrs. Billickin's organization. She came languishing out of her own exclusive back parlor, with the air of having been expressly brought-to for the purpose, from an accumulation of several swoons.

After some consultation, the arrangements proving satisfactory, Mr. Grewgious retired into a window with Rosa for a few words of consultation, and then, asking for pen and ink, sketched out a line or two of agreement.

"I have signed it, ma'am," he said, "and you'll have the goodness to sign it for yourself, Christian and Surname, there, if you please."

"Mr. Grewgious," said Mrs. Billickin, in a new burst of candor, "no sir! You must excuse the Christian name."

Mr. Grewgious stared at her.

"The door-plate is used as a protection," said Mrs. Billickin, "and acts as such, and go from it I will not."

Mr. Grewgious stared at Rosa.

"No, Mr. Grewgious, you must excuse me. So long as this house is known indefinitely as Billickin's, and so long as it is a doubt with the riff-raff where Billickin may be hidin', near the street door or down the airy, and what his weight and size, so long I feel safe. But commit myself to a solitary female statement, no, Miss! Nor would you for a moment wish," said Mrs. Billickin, with a strong sense of injury, "to take that advantage of your sex; if

you was not brought to it by inconsiderate example."

Rosa reddening as if she had made some most disgraceful attempt to overreach the good lady, besought Mr. Grewgious to rest content with any signature. And accordingly, in a baronial way, the sign-manual Billickin got appended to the document.

Details were then settled for taking possession on the next day but one, when Miss Twinkleton would come to London; and Rosa went back to Farnival's Inn on her guardian's arm.

XXIII.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Crisparkle and John Jasper met daily under the cathedral roof, nothing at any time passed between them bearing reference to Edwin Drood after the time, more than half a year gone by, when Jasper mutely showed the Minor Canon the conclusion and the resolution entered in his diary, and that Jasper must know of Rosa's abrupt departure, and that he must divine its cause, was not to be doubted.

Drowsy Cloisterham, whenever it awoke to a passing reconsideration of a story above six months old and dismissed by the bench of magistrates, was pretty equally divided in opinion whether John Jasper's beloved nephew had been killed by his treacherously passionate rival or in an open struggle; or had, for his own purposes, spirited himself away. It then lifted up its head, to notice that the bereaved Jasper was still ever devoted to discovery and revenge; and then dozed off again. This was the condition of matters, all round, at the period to which the present history has now attained.

The cathedral doors have closed for the night, and the Choir Master, on a short leave of absence for two or three services, sets his face toward London.

Eastward through the stale streets he takes his way, until he reaches his destination, a miserable court, specially miserable among many such.

He ascends a broken staircase, opens a door, looks into a dark, stifling room, and says, "Are you alone here?"

"I didn't suppose you could have kept away, alive, so long, from the poor old soul with the real receipt for mixing it. And you are in mourning, too! Why didn't you come and have a pipe or two of comfort? Did they leave you money, perhaps, and so you didn't want comfort?"

"No!"

"Who was they as died, deary?"

"A relative."

"Died of what, lovey?"

"Probably, Death."

"We are short to-night!" cries the woman, with a propitiatory laugh. "Short and snappish, we are! But we're out of sorts for want of a smoke. We've got the all-overs, haven't us, deary? But this is the place to cure 'em in; this is the place where the all-overs is smoked off!"

"You may make ready then," replies the visitor, "as soon as you like."

He divests himself of his shoes, loosens his cravat, and lies across the foot of the squalid bed, with his head resting on his left hand.

"Look here. Suppose you had something in your mind; something you were going to do."

"Yes, deary; something I was going to do?"

"But had not quite determined to do."

"Yes, deary."

"Might or might not do, you understand?"

"Yes." With the point of a needle she stirs the contents of the bowl.

"Should you do it in your fancy, when you were lying here doing this?"

She nods her head. "Over and over again."

"Just like me! I did it over and over again."

I have done it hundreds of thousands of times in this room."

"It's to be hoped it was pleasant to do, deary."

"It was pleasant to do! It was a journey, a difficult and dangerous journey. That was the subject in my mind. A hazardous and perilous journey, over abysses where a slip would be destruction. Look down, look down! You see what lies at the bottom there?"

He has darted forward to say it, and to point at the ground, as though at some imaginary object far beneath. The woman looks at him, as his spasmodic face approaches close to hers, and at his pointing. She seems to know what the influence of her perfect quietude will be; if so, she has not miscalculated it, for he subsides again. His eyes are sometimes closed and sometimes open. The woman sits beside him, very attentive to the pipe, which is all the while at his lips.

"I'll warrant," she observes, "I'll warrant you made the journey in a many ways, when you made it so often?"

"No, always in one way."

"Always in the same way?"

"Ay."

"In the way in which it was really made at last?"

"Ay."

"And always took the same pleasure in harping on it?"

"Ay."

She observes him very cautiously, as though mentally feeling her way to her next remark. It is, "There was a fellow-traveler, deary."

"Ha, ha, ha!" He breaks into a ringing laugh, or rather yell.

Once more he lapses into silence. Once more she lays her hand upon his chest, and moves him slightly to and fro, as a cat might stimulate a half-slain mouse. Once more he speaks, as if she had spoken.

"What? I told you so. When it comes to be real at last, it is so short that it seems unreal for the first time. Hark!"

"Yes, deary. I'm listening."

"Time and place are both at hand."

He is on his feet, speaking in a whisper, and as if in the dark.

"Time, place, and fellow-traveler," she suggests, adopting his tone, and holding him softly by the arm.

"How could the time be at hand unless the fellow-traveler was? Hush! The journey's made. It's over."

The woman, however, is still inquisitive. "I heard ye say once," she croaks under her breath, "I heard ye say once, when I was lying where you're lying, and you were making your speculations upon me, 'Unintelligible!' I heard you say so, of two more than me. But don't ye be too sure always; don't ye be too sure, beauty!"

He talks no more, whether or no. Twitching in an ugly way from time to time, both as to his face and limbs, he lies heavy and silent. At length what remains of the last candle is blown out, and daylight looks into the room.

It has not looked very long, when he sits up, chilled and shaking, slowly recovers consciousness of where he is, and makes himself ready to depart. The woman receives what he pays her with a grateful "Bless ye, bless ye, deary!" and seems, tired out, to begin making herself ready for sleep as he leaves the room.

But seeming may be false or true. It is false in this case, for, the moment the stairs have ceased to creak under his tread, she glides after him, muttering emphatically, "I'll not miss ye twice!" She follows him, peeps from the court, sees him still faltering on without looking back, and holds him in view.

He repairs to the back of Aldersgate street, where a door immediately opens to his knocking.

He comes forth again at noon, having changed his dress, but carrying nothing in his hand, and having nothing carried for him. He is not going back into the country, therefore, just yet. She follows him a little way, hesitates, instantaneously turns confidently, and goes straight into the house he has quitted.

"Is the gentleman from Cloisterham indoors?"

"Just gone out."

"Unlucky. When does the gentleman return to Cloisterham?"

"At six this evening."

"Bless ye and thank ye. I'll not miss ye twice!" repeats the poor soul in the street, and not so civilly.

Accordingly, that same evening the poor soul stands in Cloisterham High street, getting through the time as she best can until nine o'clock; at which hour she has reason to suppose that the arriving omnibus passengers may have some interest for her.

"Now, let me see what becomes of you. Go on!"

An observation addressed to the air. And yet it might be addressed to the passenger, so compliantly does he go on along the High street until he comes to an arched gateway, at which he unexpectedly vanishes. The poor soul quickens her pace; is swift, and close upon him entering under the gateway; but only sees a postern staircase on one side of it, and on the other side an ancient vaulted room, in which a large-headed, grey-haired gentleman is writing, under the odd circumstances of sitting open to the thoroughfare, and eying all who pass, as if he were toll-taker of the gateway, though the way is free.

"Halloa!" he cries in a low voice, seeing her brought to a stand-still; "who are you looking for?"

"There was a gentleman passed in here this minute, sir."

"Of course there was. What do you want with him?"

"Where do he live, deary?"

"Live? Up that staircase."

"Bless ye! Whisper. What's his name, deary?"

"Surname Jasper, Christian name John. Mr. John Jasper."

"Has he a calling, good gentleman?"

"Calling? Yes. Sings in the choir. Go in there at seven to-morrow morning, and you may see Mr. John Jasper, and hear him too."

"Thank ye! Thank ye!"

"Or," he suggests, with a backward hitch of his head, "you can go up at once to Mr. Jasper's rooms there."

The woman eyes him with a cunning smile, and shakes her head.

"Oh! You don't want to speak to him?" She repeats her dumb reply, and forms with her lips a soundless "No."

"You can admire him at a distance three times a day, whenever you like. It's a long way to come for that, though."

The woman looks up quickly.

"Wouldn't you help me to pay for my travelers' lodging, dear gentleman, and to pay my way along? I am a poor soul, I am indeed, and troubled with a grievous cough."

"Been here often, my good woman?"

"Once in all my life."

"Ay, ay!"

"By this token, though you mayn't believe it, that a gentleman gave me three and sixpence as I was coughing my breath away on this very grass. I asked him for three and sixpence, and he gave it me."

"Wasn't it a little cool to name your sum?" hints Mr. Datchery, still rattling his money.

"Look'e here, deary," she replies, in a confidential and persuasive tone, "I wanted the money to lay it out on a medicine as does me good, and as I deal in. I told the young gentleman so, and he gave it me, and I laid it out honest to the last brass farden. I want to lay out the same sum in the same way now; and if you'll give it me, I'll lay it out honest to the last brass farden again, upon my soul!"

"What's the medicine?"

"I'll be honest with you beforehand, as well as after. It's opium."

Mr. Datchery, with a sudden change of countenance, gives her a sudden look.

"It's opium, deary."

Mr. Datchery begins very slowly to count out the sum demanded of him. Greedily watching his hands, she continues to hold forth on the great example set him.

"It was last Christmas Eve, just arter dark, the once that I was here afore, when the young gentleman gave me the three and six."

And the young gentleman's name," she adds, "was Edwin."

Mr. Datchery drops some money, stoops to pick it up, and reddens with the exertion as he asks: "How do you know the young gentleman's name?"

"I asked him for it, and he told it me. I only asked him the two questions, what was his Christen name, and whether he'd a sweetheart? And he answered, Edwin, and he hadn't."

Mr. Datchery bestows the money on her, and with many servile thanks she goes her way.

John Jasper's lamp is kindled, and his Light-house is shining when Mr. Datchery returns alone toward it.

His object in now revisiting his lodging, is merely to put on the hat which seems so superfluous an article in his wardrobe. It is half-past ten by the cathedral clock, when he walks out into the Precincts again; he lingers and looks about him, as though, the enchanted hour when Mr. Durdles may be stoned home having struck, he had some expectation of seeing the Imp who is appointed to the mission of stoning him.

In effect, that Power of Evil is abroad. Having nothing living to stone at the moment, he is discovered by Mr. Datchery in the unholy office of stoning the dead, through the railings of the churchyard.

Mr. Datchery hails him with, "Halloa, Winks!" He acknowledges the hail with "Halloa, Dick!"

"You have just taken in a lodger I have been speaking to," says Mr. Datchery; "an infirm woman with a cough."

"Puffer," assents Deputy, "Hopeum Puffer. Bless if she ain't a goin' to the KIN-FREEDER-EL!" He greatly prolongs the word in his ecstasy, and smites his leg, and doubles himself up in a fit of shrill laughter.

"How do you know that, Deputy?"

"Cos she told me so just now."

Mr. Datchery receives the communication with a well-satisfied though a pondering face, and breaks up the conference. Returning to his quaint lodging, and sitting long over the rupper of bread and cheese and salad and ale which Mrs. Tope has left prepared for him, he still sits when his supper is finished. At length he rises, throws open the door of a corner cupboard, and refers to a few uncouth chalked strokes on its inner side.

"I like," says Mr. Datchery, "the old tavern way of keeping scores. Illegible, except to the scorer. The scorer not committed, the scored debited with what is against him. Hum; ha! A very small score this; a very poor score!"

He sighs over the contemplation of its poverty, takes a bit of chalk from one of the cupboard-shelves, and pauses with it in his hand, uncertain what addition to make to the account.

"I think a moderate stroke," he concludes, "is all I am justified in scoring up;" so, suits the action to the word, closes the cupboard, and goes to bed.

A brilliant morning shines on the old city.

Comes Mr. Tope with his large keys, and yawningly unlocks and sets open. Come Mrs. Tope, and attendant sweeping sprites. Come, in due time, organist and bellows-boy, peeping down from the red curtains in the loft, fearlessly flapping dust from books up at that remote elevation, and whisking it from steps and pedals. Come sundry rooks, from various quarters of the sky, back to the great tower; who may be presumed to enjoy vibration, and to know that bell and organ are going to give it them. Come a very small and straggling congregation indeed: chiefly from Minor Canon Corner and the Precincts. Come Mr. Crisparkle, fresh and bright; and his ministering brethren, not quite so fresh and bright. Come the choir in a hurry (always in a hurry, and struggling into their nightgowns at the last moment, like children shirking bed), and comes John Jasper leading their line. Last of all comes Mr. Datchery into a stall, one of a choice empty collection very much at his service, and glancing about him for Her Royal Highness the Princess Puffer.

The service is pretty well advanced before Mr. Datchery can discern Hopeum Puffer. But by that time he has made her out, in the shade. She is behind a pillar, carefully withdrawn from the Choir Master's view, but regards him with the closest attention. All unconscious of her presence, he chants and sings. She grins when he is most musically fervid, and—yes, Mr. Datchery sees her do it!—shakes her fist at him behind the pillar's friendly shelter.

Mr. Datchery looks again to convince himself. Yes, again! As ugly and withered as one of the fantastic carvings on the under brackets of the stall seats, as malignant as the Evil One, as hard as the big brass eagle holding the sacred books upon his wings (and, according to the sculptor's representation of his ferocious attributes, not at all converted by them), she hugs herself in her lean arms, and then shakes both fists at the leader of the Choir.

And at that moment, outside the grated door of the Choir, having eluded the vigilance of Mr. Tope by shifty resources in which he is an adept, Deputy peeps, sharp-eyed, through the bars, and stares astounded from the threatener to the threatened.

The service comes to an end, and the servitors disperse to breakfast. Mr. Datchery reverts his last new acquaintance outside, when the Choir (as much in a hurry to get their beds as off as they were but now to get them on), have scuffled away.

"Well, mistress. Good-morning. You have seen him?"

"I've seen him, deary; I've seen him!"

"And you know him?"

"Know him! Better far, than all the Reverend Parsons put together know him."

Mrs. Tope's care has spread a very neat, clean breakfast ready for her lodger. Before sitting down to it, he opens his corner-cupboard door; takes his bit of chalk from its shelf; adds one thick line to the score, extending from the top of the cupboard-door to the bottom; and then falls to with an appetite.

[At this point Mr. Dickens's labors on the story were closed by death.]